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Volume CCXXIX No. 2987

The SPHERE, London, June 29, 1957

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE PRIME MINISTER IN CHEERFUL MOOD—MR. MACMILLAN ENJOYS A JOKE AT THE CONSERVATIVE GARDEN FETE IN HIS CONSTITUENCY AT BROMLEY, IN KENT: Lady Dorothy Macmillan, on left, thanks young Stuart Sim for her bouquet, and, on right, is Mr. K. P. Rush, Chairman of the local Conservatives. It was a happy prelude to the busy days which the Prime Minister is now spending with the reassembly of Parliament and the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference.

In and out of Parliament, Mr. Harold Macmillan has already established for himself the reputation of a man who enjoys his position, whatever the occasion. He gave ample evidence of this last Saturday at the Conservative fete among his constituents at Bromley. He missed few of the sideshows, riding on the miniature railway, hurling wooden balls at crockery to "break up the happy home," and twice in three balls "knocking the lady out of bed." And who knows, perhaps at the baby show he dandled one of his successors in the distant future? Altogether it was a delightful and informal afternoon which revealed the excellent spirits of the Prime Minister. In the last few days none will deny that his customary cheerfulness must have been fully taxed. The reassembly of Parliament demands extra time from the Head of the Government, for much business accumulates during the recess which requires his personal attention. Besides speaking in the Commons, Mr. Macmillan has had to welcome his colleagues from the Commonwealth to the first Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference he has attended. (Pictures of Commonwealth Premiers on pages 478 and 480).

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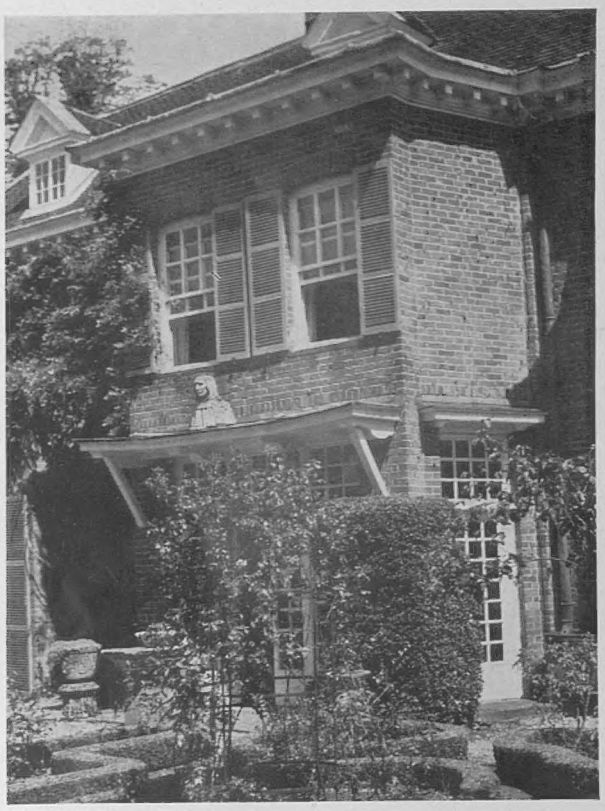
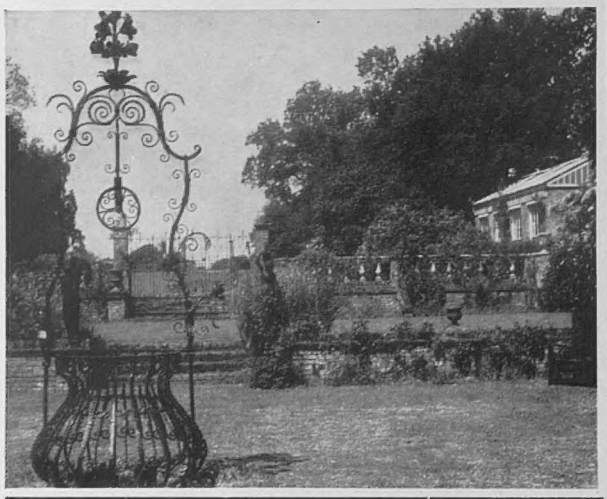
A HAMPSHIRE HOUSE FOR THE NATION

WEST GREEN HOUSE HAS BEEN GIVEN TO THE NATIONAL TRUST: The West front of the house, which lies on the outskirts of Hartley Wintney, in the north-east corner of Hampshire. It has been presented to the National Trust by Sir Victor Sassoon, who has also given 77 acres of surrounding farmland. Miss Yvonne FitzRoy, the tenant of the house for life, has provided an endowment to meet the cost of its upkeep. It is a small red-brick house, originally built in the early eighteenth century and remodelled and enlarged in the middle of the same century. The enlarging was undertaken by General Hawley, who played a leading part in the defeat of the Jacobites at Culloden in 1746.



A CORNER OF THE HOUSE: It is part of the south front. *Below*— A view of the garden, which is open to the public on each Wednesday from 2 p.m. to 6 p.m. until the end of September. Visitors may also visit the house on the same day by writing for permission to Miss FitzRoy.



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A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Disarmament.—Perhaps we are a little nearer a first stage in reducing the insanity of nuclear rearmament. The exchanges between Heads of State are so hedged and conditioned with national preoccupations that progress seems impossible. "First things first" is not a commonly accepted premise which requires only to be worked out in practice. Each side—each negotiating State—has its own idea of what must constitute a first stage. Woven into the fabric of every proposal and counter-proposal, every offer and response, are bitterly remembered fears and grievances to confuse any simple issue. I find it hopeless to collate the wording of these exchanges between principals, and those between their mouthpieces in conference are merely summarised in vague reports—rising and falling in hopefulness. One point of early agreement seems to one layman at least reasonable and simple. Only three nations have been engaged in perfecting the H-bomb. Of late they have announced most satisfactory results. Could they not rest content with their scientific triumphs for even one year and call a halt to further experiments, leaving it uncertain for twelve months whether Russia, America or Britain have taken the lead in one more deadly lap of the suicide race? It seems to me that the three competitors might do so without loss of face, without sacrificing their chance of keeping up, with possible advantage from a breathing space. Calmer, clearer thinking might be possible in an atmosphere less poisonous, and (who knows?) in twelve months' time the suicide club might come to feel that the game was not worth the candle, and never had been.

New Honours.—Mr. J. Arthur Rank was a good choice for this year's industrial barony. I make no doubt he deserves his new rank. But you can't teach an old dog new tricks. Mr. Macmillan seems, in his recommendations, to be every whit as fairy a godmother to the baronetcy as was Sir Anthony. Presumably we shall find "M.P.s baroneted" as vigorously as ever they were until we have another Socialist Premier who argues that, while there may still be some excuse for creating more hereditary peerages, there has been no excuse and no logic in creating baronetcies since the age of equality and democracy dawned. But, of course, not all political parties have recognised that dawn, other than in wordy generalities. For the rest, the Birthday Honours show a real effort impartially to dip into the bran-pie, with its multiplicity and variety of gift parcels, and to find something for each nominee chosen to represent a select variety of callings and professions. If the gift pulled out does not always seem to fit the recipient, well, it's a very difficult job, and you can't hope to please everybody. The best you can hope for is to please the prizewinners. Some of them, of course, are disappointed of publicity. Few of us have time to spell through the list.

Alma Mater.—Alma Mater in some circumstances is a euphemism. She can be a pretty hard task mistress when her house is in need of repair. Then her sons and daughters are expected to contribute handsomely to the cost. For example, many an undistinguished Old Etonian must have found that Alma Mater keeps touch with him chiefly in appeals for subscriptions to building repairs, swimming-pools, and so on, and a man may be pressed within a few weeks of a single year to write cheques towards the costs of a new cricket pavilion for his private school, a major reconstruction of his public school, new buildings for his Oxford college, and a vast scheme of preservation of the University. I know what I am talking about. I could wish the cheques might be larger; I hate to argue that charity begins at home, and that the holes in one's own roof must be plugged first. Alma Mater means a lot to most of us all through life, even if we are not regular at gaudies and speech days, and our Oxford Alma Mater is the last to be forgotten. So all Oxford men and women will receive the University's big appeal and most will respond as best they can. I don't know what factors are chiefly responsible for those crumbling stones, and should make good the damage. Time and the weather have no banking accounts. Road traffic interests have helped to hasten decay in the High and the Corn, and no doubt will be tapped. And perhaps American souvenir hunters have done (and taken) their bit; and they come from a rich country. And so, no doubt, Alma Mater will get what she needs so badly from her family, her guests and her friends. It 's a lot of money but it 's a wonderful old city.

Staggering Proposals.—It is deplorable that on a people's holiday any section of the community should pray for bad weather. But it seems that things have come to such a pass on the roads at week-ends and Bank Holidays that police and road service organisations do that very thing and sometimes their prayers are answered. Not so the holidaymakers. Most of them are so queue-minded that to picnic in solitude or to drive otherwise than bumper to bumper induces in them agoraphobia. Only those among them left for dead on the roads share the feelings of police and road service officers. But in recent years, on the days following the big holiday jams, the cry goes up to abolish general Bank Holidays and to substitute "Bank Holidays" by trades and professions. The demand for staggering summer holidays and office hours is, of course, continuous, but does not gain much ground. There is an urgent case for staggering week-ends during a fine summer. I fancy it will be a long time before the authorities decide to lay impious hands on Bank Holidays. That would be as dangerous for a Government as was an English Queen's proposal (to enclose St. James's Park for a Royal pleasaunce) dangerous to the monarchy. A Bank Holiday means queues and the public enjoys queues. It likes to lie shoulder to shoulder on the beaches and to move bumper to bumper on the roads. We are gregarious animals and simply cannot understand the charms which poets have seen in the face of solitude. Neither at all times did Robinson Crusoe.

Rothschild Millions.—£11,000,000 is a great deal of money to leave. The late Mr. J. de Rothschild's death provided a windfall for the Exchequer not exceeded for many years past. £7,500,000 will be claimed by the Exchequer. Waddesdon Manor and its priceless contents of works of art, with a £750,000 endowment, is offered to the National Trust. The National Trust will no doubt accept, and Lord Crawford will heave a sigh of relief that the foreigner will not lay hands on the Art Collection, which the public has never yet seen. This National Trust bequest may reasonably represent another £2,000,000, one way and another. That leaves £2,000,000 for family and household provisions. Mr. de Rothschild left no children. His vast fortune was accumulated by inheritance from several Rothschild relations, and it may be said that almost everybody benefits to some extent by its disposal, for the Exchequer's share represents a perceptible fraction of a 1d. of income tax. The great collection of works of art is comparable with the Wallace Collection in its superb examples of Royal French furniture of the eighteenth century; its four great Dutch masterpieces and its twenty superb portraits by Reynolds

THE CRICKETING CURATE IS MARRIED

THE MARRIAGE OF THE REV. DAVID SHEPPARD AND MISS GRACE ISAAC: The bride and bridegroom walk through the rain after their marriage at All Saints' Church, Lindfield, Sussex. The Rev. David Sheppard, of England and Sussex, is a curate on the staff at St. Mary's Parish Church, Islington, London. The bride is a schoolteacher.

and Gainsborough are only a part of the glory of its galleries, and some of the public may realise their good fortune as heirs to this great fortune. Since a man can't take it with him, not even enough to fee the Styx ferryman, he is wise to dispose of his earthly wealth for the benefit of the largest number.

A Death-duty Anomaly.—The ordinary citizen remains often entirely in the dark about the implications and incidence of taxation on his estate when he comes to die. If he considers it worth an effort to save something from the wreck by his will, he is entirely in the hands of experts, and even experts are not infallible. I learned the other day that at his death a husband's marriage-settlement fund will be assessed for death-duty as will be his unsettled property. That did not surprise me. What did surprise me was to learn that the rate of assessment on his marriage-settlement portion is determined by lumping the whole of the property he leaves and then taxing his marriage-settlement portion at the rate applicable to the whole. If that is right, what incredible hardship may result! Suppose a young man settles, on marriage, all he possesses —say £5,000—for the benefit of his widow and children. In old age he goes off the rails, abandons his wife and lives with his mistress. Some time before he dies he inherits £100,000 from a wealthy aunt or scoops it in a pool prize. He makes a new will, leaving his prize to his mistress. The rate of assessment of that £5,000 settled on his wife and children will be on the £105,000 scale and the money available for his wife and children will be wiped out by the incidence of taxation. Can such things be? I find it impossible to believe that such loopholes can remain undetected even in the shoddiest draftsmanship. Will some reader dissipate my nightmare?

Never Say Die.—Second Officer Wardrop went nearer to fulfilling the essentials of manhood listed in Kipling's "If" than any other man I have read about. He fell into the Pacific from his ship and no one missed him for four hours. He was nine hours in the water, there were sharks about, he was constantly "shocked" by an electric eel and his only consolation was a companionable turtle. In those nine hours he never gave up hope, never lost faith that sometime his loss would be reported and his captain turn back to search for him. He was a strong swimmer. He was a strong man. How many strong swimmers would have abandoned hope after one or two hours in the water with their horizon empty of ships? Wardrop deserves his niche in history. His virtues should be recorded for all boys and girls in schools to read and mark. If his home town, Sevenoaks, throw a banquet for him, the City Fathers will be well advised to cut out turtle soup.

Anticyclone.—"Two fine days and a thunderstorm!" The foreign jibe once in a way lost its sting and the London restaurants dreamed again of putting out their little tables under awnings on the pavement: 1957 will be remembered as one such *annus mirabilis* in England. For while many Continental countries suffered from cold and flood and tempest, the South of England, at any rate, enjoyed those anti-cyclonic conditions which gave old men their memories of golden summer days in youth. I had special reasons for wishing for fine days in May and June this year, and my record shows that this great anti-cyclone began on May 19, with cold winds at first, but very constant sunshine increasing in power. The temporary break at Whitsun almost entirely missed us, and these ideal conditions lasted for a full calendar month. The customary Ascot thunderstorm tempestuously ended the drought on Waterloo day. In that month we registered less than ½-in. of rain and that mostly at night. We have paid for the joys of constantly eating meals out of doors, with brown-toast lawns, yellowing peas and beans, boot-button strawberries and wilting shrubs. Cheap at the price? Like poor Ezra Jennings in *The Moonstone*, I thank Heaven that "I have had a happy time." Such a month is rare enough.

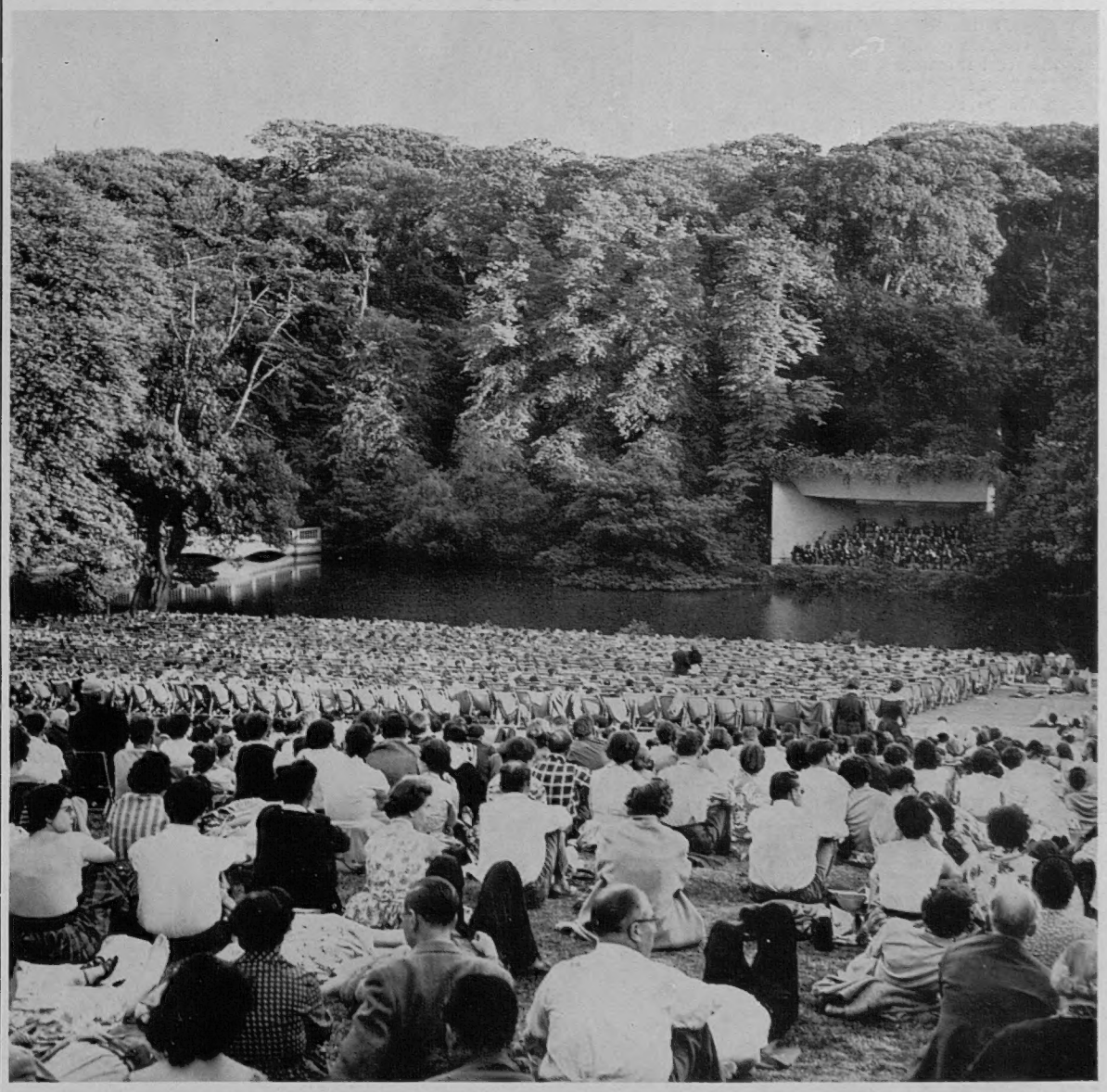
A Day at Lord's.—I doubt whether Lord's cricket ground ever staged a more delightful day's cricket than on the first day of the second Test when Bailey skittled out the West Indians. Even the majority, who come to watch cricket to see boundaries hit, were converted to the delights of a bowler's day. "Sun-bathed" was the *mot juste*. A "capacity" arena revelled in the sunshine and the cool breeze was as bracing as the first two glasses of good champagne at a dinner-party. The effect on the happiness of that great crowd was remarkable. From the top of the Pavilion one looked down on a smiling arena which seemed to be a green oasis in a dingy desert. In our day's paper was the report in full of the U.N. findings on Hungary; the world we live in is threatened with hideous dangers and split with bitter rivalries and suspicions, and in almost every sphere of life anxiety and uncertainty suspend the sword of Damocles over our heads. But on John Lord's small acreage the hands of the clock had turned back for one golden day to a golden age that never was, and some of us got a notion of what life might be if mankind were capable of building and worthy of living in Arcady.

THE OLD STAGER

MAY RACES AT CAMBRIDGE

JESUS REMAIN HEAD OF THE RIVER: The head of the First Division is seen coming round Ditton Corner on the last day of May Week. The boats are Jesus, Queens' and Lady Margaret. Jesus, who went head in 1955, rowed over comfortably on each night, the nearest Queens' could get to them being half a length on Friday. On the Saturday Queens' were closely pressed soon after Ditton Corner by Lady Margaret, but drew away up the Long reach. Then at the Pike and Eel Lady Margaret were caught by Pembroke behind them. Neither Oxford nor Cambridge appears to have a crew capable of resisting the strong foreign challenge at Henley Regatta next week.

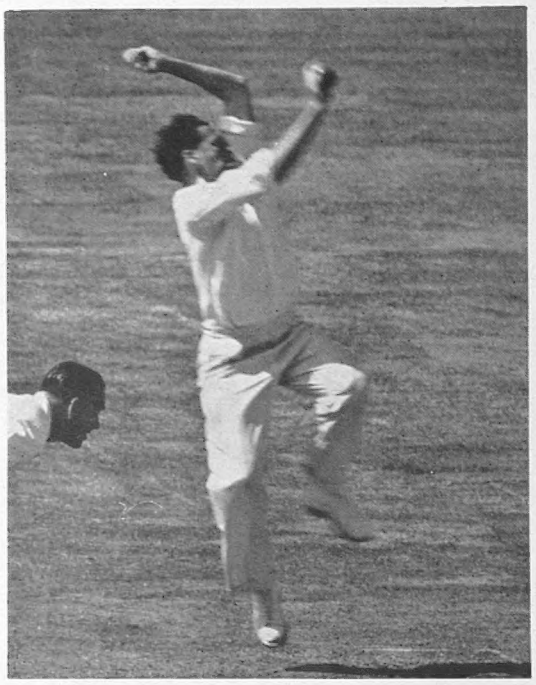
A SYLVAN SETTING FOR AN OPEN-AIR CONCERT



AN OPEN-AIR CONCERT BY THE LONDON PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA AT KENWOOD, NORTH LONDON: A general view from the rear of the audience looking towards the lake, and showing in the background the band pavilion set amid the trees. On the left is the imitation bridge which was designed by Adam to form part of the layout of the park. The concert was the first of a season of five to be given by the lakeside, and the orchestra was conducted by Sir Adrian Boult. Other concerts are being given at Kenwood on each Saturday until July 13, in addition to those also arranged by the London County Council at Crystal Palace and Holland Park. Details are contained in the small booklet entitled *Open-Air Entertainment, 1957*, published by the London County Council Parks Department.

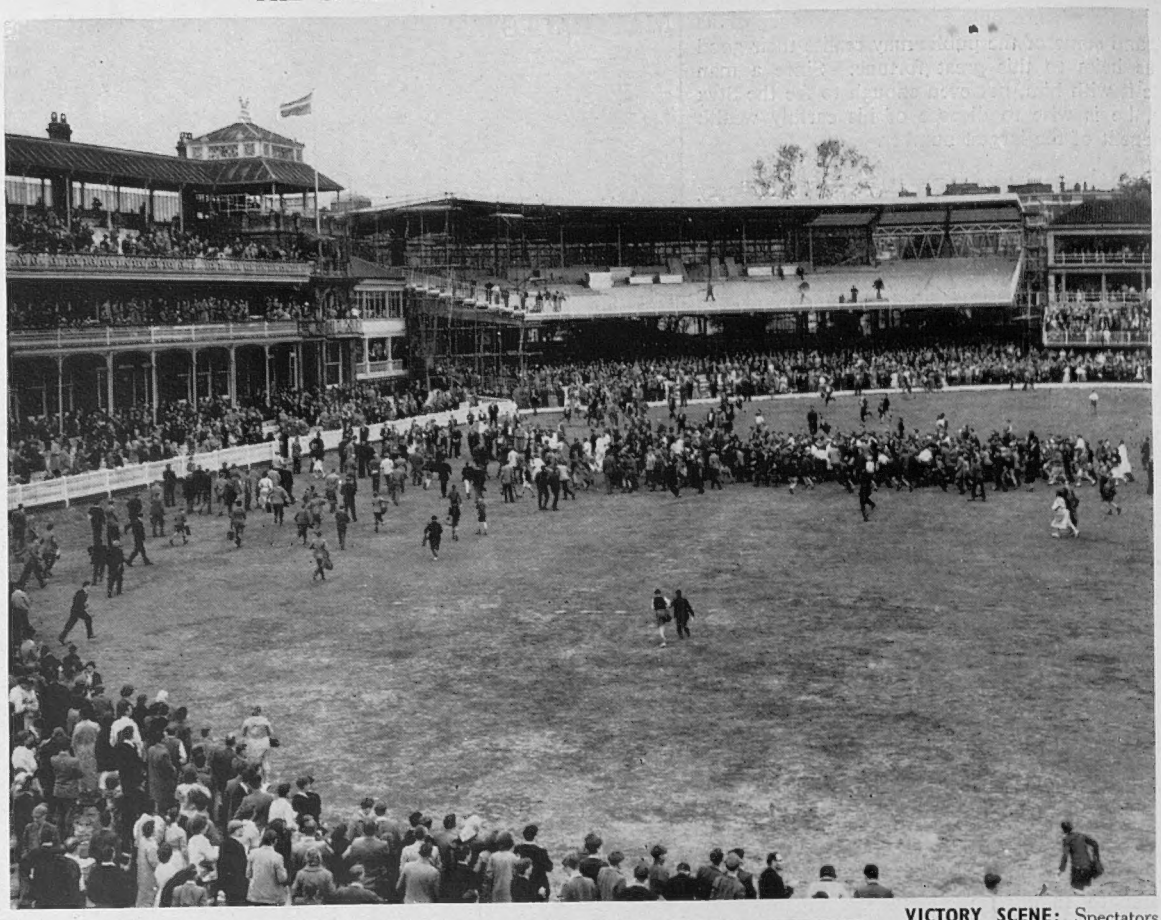
ENGLAND WIN AT LORD'S

West Indies Defeated by an Innings in the Second Test

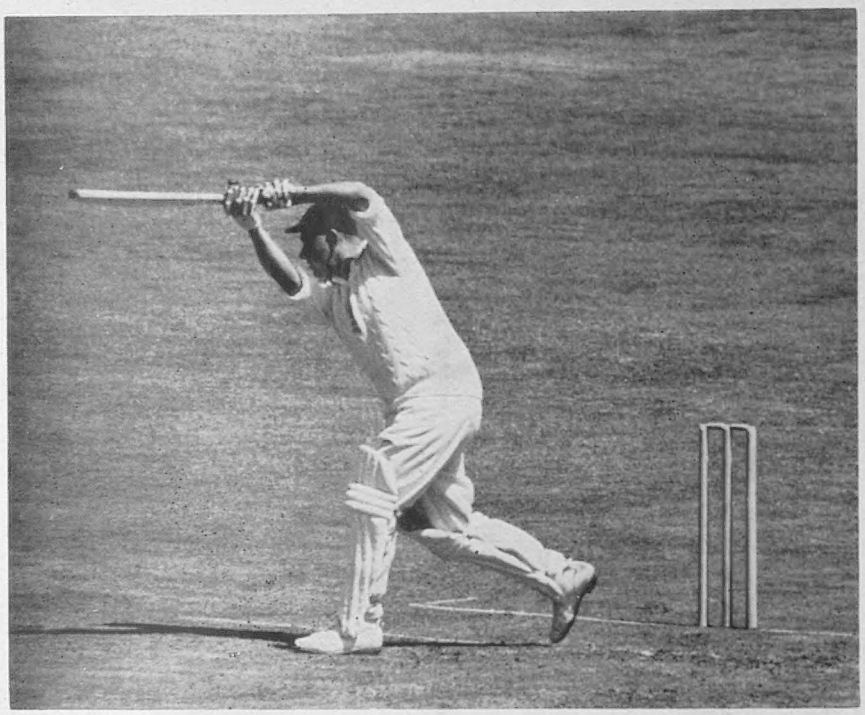


THE BOWLER OF THE MATCH: Trevor Bailey in action during the Second Test between England and the West Indies. In the West Indians, first innings he took 7 for 44 and in their second innings 4 for 54.

The general verdict of the form of the West Indies at Lord's was that "it was too bad to be true." Certainly no one can possibly imagine England will be allowed so many chances in dropped catches and generally bad fielding in the remainder of this Test series. But the English victory was no fluke, and the English players demonstrated that among them are individuals capable of rising to any occasion. First of all in the West Indian first innings there was Bailey, surely the greatest all-rounder playing anywhere to-day. He proceeded to run through the visitors with an individual analysis of 7 for 44, the final West Indian total being 127. Then shocks for England, 3 wickets lost for 34, but Cowdrey joined Richardson, and the day was saved before Richardson left with 76 to his credit. Next consolidation by Cowdrey and Close, and after that demoralisation of the West Indies and a new Test record by Cowdrey at his most sure and majestic and Evans at his most irrepressible. England all out for 424. West Indies second start was catastrophic—32 for 3. But the situation improved to 80 for 4. Then Weekes, in one of his finest innings, and Sobers put on 100 and the West Indies went down in honourable defeat with 261, Bailey again (4 for 54), Trueman (2 for 73) and Statham (3 for 71) being the chief causes.



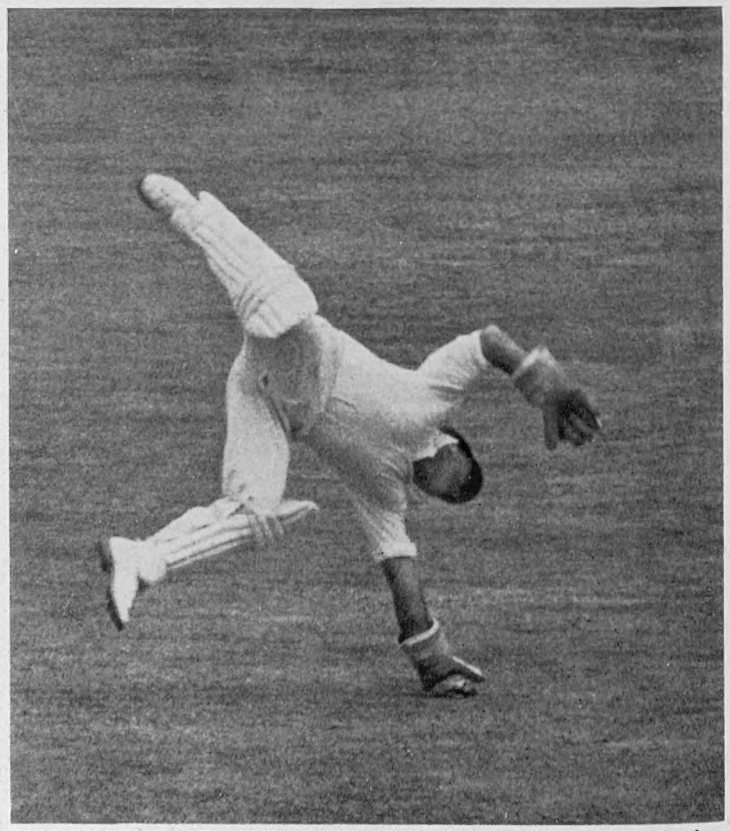
VICTORY SCENE: Spectators swarm round the English eleven as they come off the field at Lord's. England had defeated West Indies by an innings and 36 runs. Centre background is the partially reconstructed "A" stand.



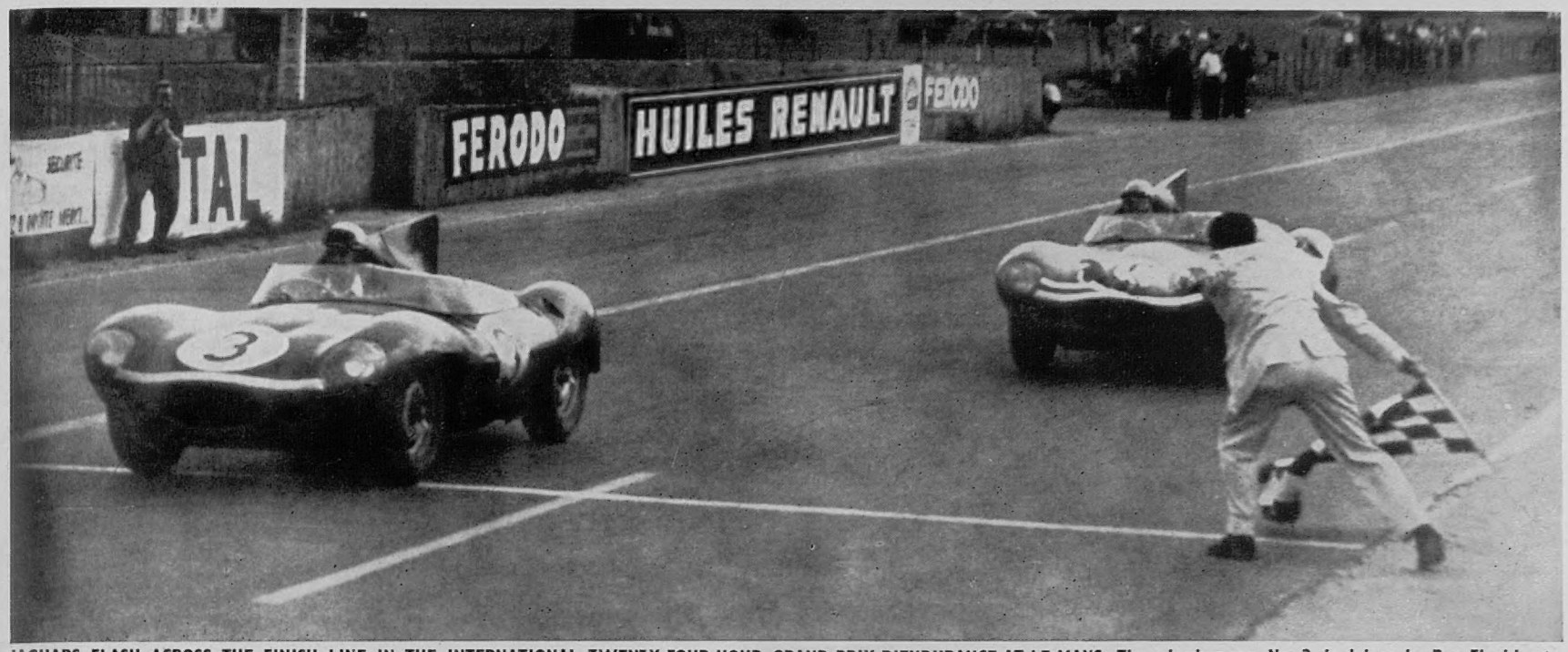
On left—

HIS SECOND SUCCESSIVE TEST CENTURY: Colin Cowdrey makes one of his majestic drives during his innings of 152. This century followed his 154 in the record-shattering stand with May in the First Test of the present series at Edgbaston. The England captain failed to score at Lord's, and when Cowdrey followed him in the English score stood at 34 for 3. However, with Richardson (76), Cowdrey retrieved the position. Close with 32 helped to consolidate. Then a new Test record was established by Cowdrey and Evans. They knocked up 174 for the seventh wicket, to which Evans contributed 82.

WEEKES FIGHTS A GREAT REARGUARD ACTION: The West Indian batsman turns a ball in his second innings in which he made 90. This was one of the finest performances in his great career. Helped by Sobers, who scored 66, he prevented the defeat of the West Indies turning into a rout.

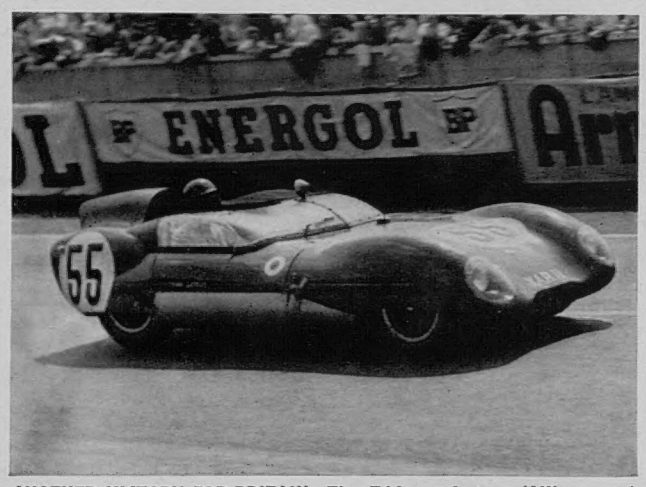


ACROBATIC EVANS: The England wicketkeeper almost turns a cartwheel as he dives for a ball cut by Sobers. Besides helping establish a record for tests in front of the wicket, behind it Evans was as usual superb.



JAGUARS FLASH ACROSS THE FINISH LINE IN THE INTERNATIONAL TWENTY-FOUR-HOUR GRAND PRIX D'ENDURANCE AT LE MANS: The winning car, No. 3, is driven by Ron Flockhart, who, with his co-driver, Ivor Bueb, averaged 113.8 m.p.h. over a distance of 2,732.42 miles. Flockhart is followed by another Jaguar driven by Sanderson and Lawrence. Jaguars also finished third, fourth and sixth, with a Ferrari taking fifth place. The first two Jaguars to cross the line were entered by the Ecurie Ecosse; the third was entered and driven by two Frenchmen, Mary and Lucas, and the fourth, driven by Frere and Rousselle, was entered by the Ecurie Nationale Belge. The Ferrari, in fifth place, was driven by Lewis-Evans and Severi. Flockhart and Bueb took the lead in the third hour of the race and held their place until the finish. At the end of the first hour, when foreign cars were dominating the scene, the winning Jaguar was placed fourth. Mike Hawthorn, in a Ferrari, took the lead at the start, but the car had to give up after Hawthorn had set up a new lap record at 125.6 m.p.h. The previous lap speed record was 122·39 m.p.h., which he had established in a works Jaguar in 1955.

THE WINNING JAGUAR AT SPEED: The average speed of Ron Flockhart (and his co-driver, Ivor Bueb) was more than 6 m.p.h. faster than the previous highest of 107.07 m.p.h. set up in 1955.



ANOTHER VICTORY FOR BRITAIN: The 744-c.c. Lotus, (Allison and Hall) won the Index of Performance (handicap) prize, with another Lotus (Frazer and Chamberlain) taking second place.

JAGUARS TRIUMPH AT LE MANS

British Cars Take First Four Places in the 24-hour Sports Car Race

THE START OF THE TWENTY-FOUR-HOUR RACE: Watched by the vast crowd of spectators, the drivers dash across the Le Mans track towards their cars for the start of the weekend race. They drive off from a "parked start." Both the winners of this year's race have won before. Last year Flockhart won with Sanderson, and in 1955 Bueb won with Hawthorn. With the latest victory, Britain has now won the annual Le Mans race on eleven occasions. It is the fifth win by Jaguars.

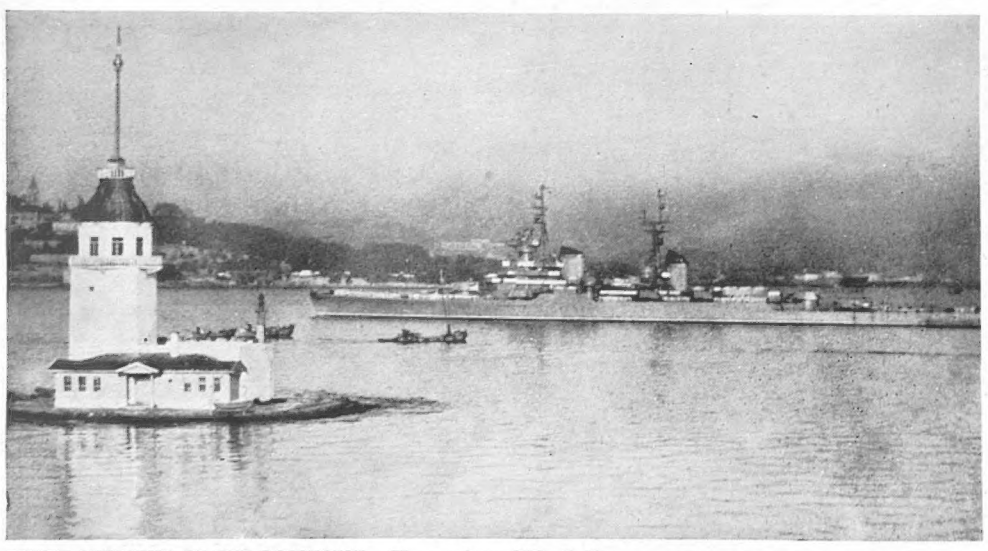
THE NEWS IN PICTURES

"THREE CHEERS FOR HER MAJESTY": Prince Philip leads the cheers for the Queen at Windsor Park. She had just presented him with the cup which he is holding as the captain of the Windsor Park team in an invitation match against an Indian team. Windsor were the winners by 3 goals to 2. A record crowd gathered on the Windsor polo ground to watch the game, it being estimated that there were over 10,000 spectators present. With the Queen were Prince Charles and Princess Anne, the Queen Mother and members of the Danish Royal Family on a private visit to Great Britain.

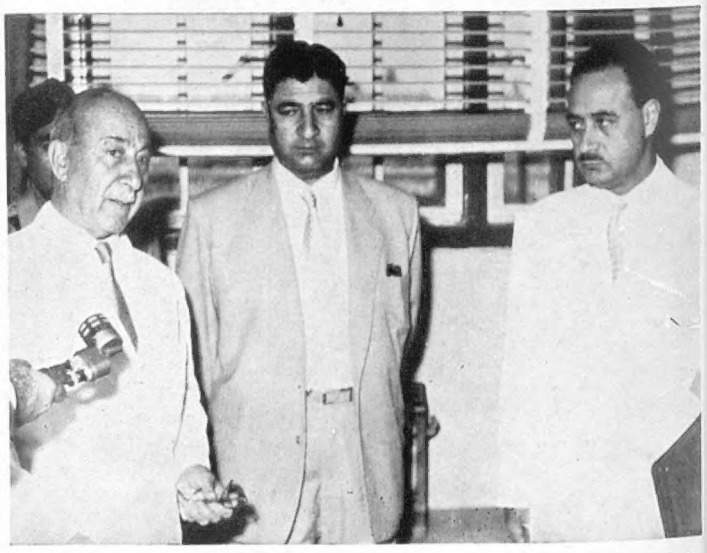
On right—

ARRIVING FOR THE COMMONWEALTH PRIME MINISTERS' CONFERENCE: Mr. R. G. Menzies (centre), the Prime Minister of Australia, and Sir Philip McBride (right), the Australian Defence Minister, are welcomed on the liner *Arcadia* at Tilbury by Sir Eric Harrison, the Australian High Commissioner in London. They had arrived to attend the Conference of Commonwealth Prime Ministers which opened this week. Mr. Menzies' first engagement in London was at Lord's for the second Test Match. Then he spent last week-end with Mr. Macmillan at the latter's country home in Sussex. In the current talks between the Heads of the Commonwealth Governments, the Australian Prime Minister is one of the three "old boys" who have attended such a conference before. The others are Mr. Nehru of India and Mr. Louw, Minister of External Affairs in South Africa, who is representing Mr. Strydom.

A NEW COMER AT THE HIGHEST LEVEL COMMONWEALTH TALKS: At Waterloo Station Sir Roy Welensky (centre), the Premier of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, shakes hands with Mr. Alport, M.P., Under-Secretary for Commonwealth Relations. With them is Lady Welensky.



SOVIET WARSHIPS IN THE BOSPHORUS: The cruiser *Mihail Kutusov* passes the Leander Tower at the entrance to Istanbul Harbour on her way through the Straits. She was one of a number of Soviet warships which sailed from the Black Sea into the Sea of Marmora last week. The Soviet Embassy in Ankara had notified the Turkish Government of their passage through the Straits in conformity with the provisions of the Montreux Convention. *Kutusov* is one of the "Sverdlov" class of cruisers being built by Russia. She is believed to be the flagship of the Soviet Black Sea Fleet. According to the Turkish Press, she and other vessels were intending to carry out manœuvres in the Ægean Sea.



A FORMER PRIME MINISTER OF IRAQ RETURNS TO OFFICE: Senator Ali Jawdat (left), who has succeeded Nuri es-Said, is seen in Bagdad with Fuad Fawzi (centre), Secretary of the Council of Ministers, and Abdullah Bakir, Chief of the Royal Palace staff. The new Prime Minister has retained several Ministers from the last Government in the new administration. Senator Jawdat was Prime Minister in 1934 and 1935. He is also a former Ambassador in London.

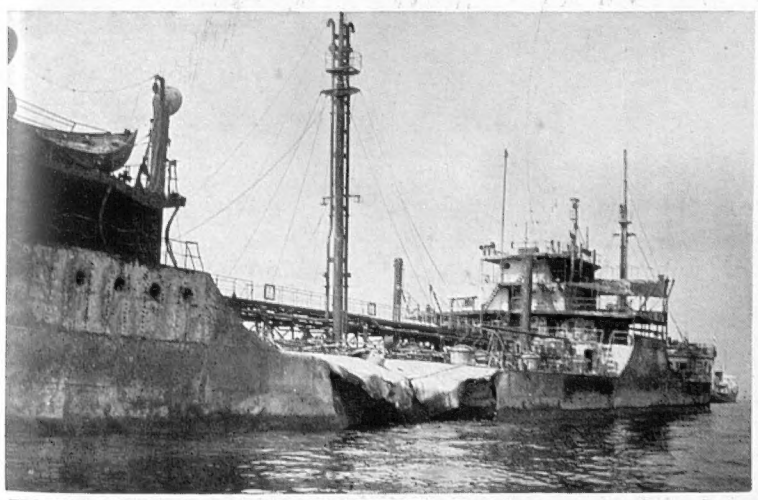
THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE "KING OF THE GIPSIES" IS BURIED IN ALL SAINTS CHURCHYARD, VINEY HILL, GLOUCESTERSHIRE: Costumed fiddlers lead the coffin of Gipsy Petulengro to the graveside. Most of the 2,000 people present were Gorgios or non-gipsies. The colourful character, who claimed to be the King of the Romanies, died on Sunday of last week at Littlehampton, in Sussex, his age being given as "about eighty-seven." Other than a few close friends, the vast majority of the mourners were non-gipsies, and Romany rites were not performed at the ceremony. Gipsy Petulengro described himself as "an arrogant, independent being, jack of many trades, master of all." His book, *A Romany Life*, was a popular success, in which he himself appears as a grandson of Ambrose Smith, who was George Borrow's Petulengro. His many activities included dealing in potions in America, under the name of Professor Thompson-Thompson; prospecting for diamonds in South Africa; trick fiddling in a circus; and playing in the Queen's Hall orchestra under Sir Henry Wood. He was well known before the war as a broadcaster, and during the war he had an answer to the food shortage in his recommendation of dishes made from dandelions and other wild plants.

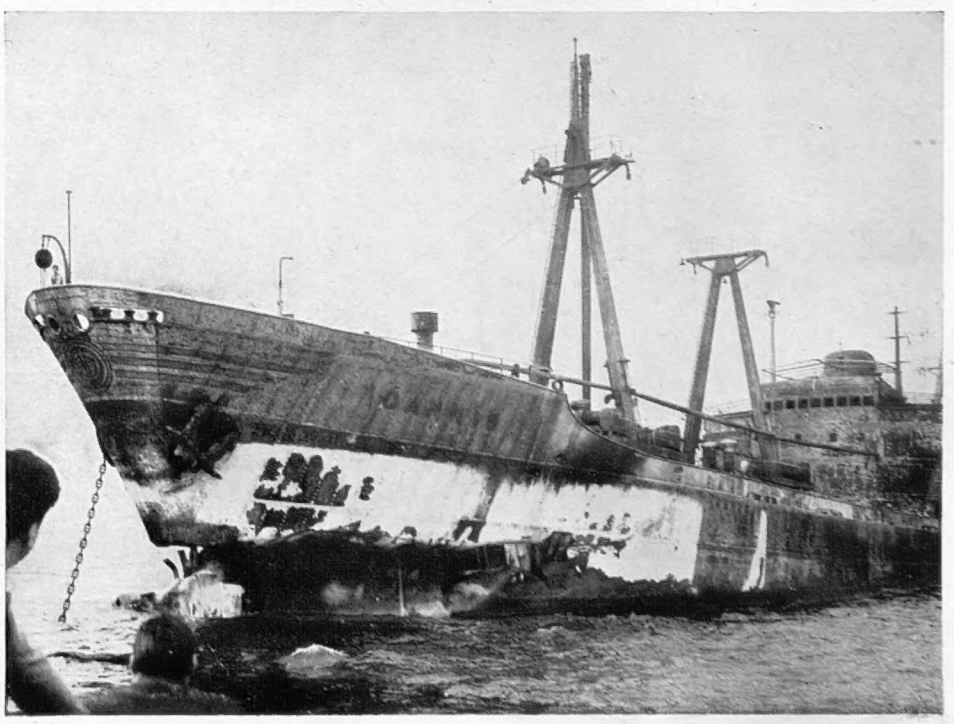
GIPSY PETULENGRO IS BORNE TO HIS GRAVE: Although Romany rites were absent from the graveside ceremony, the "Gipsy King" was buried in full regalia of gold bolero jacket, yellow embroidered shirt and black velvet trousers with a red sash. He also wore a red scarf on his head with gold, good luck charms.

RESCUE IN THE AVON GORGE: Nineteen-year-old John Scott (left) is supported by Mr. Arthur Farrell, as he is brought down the last 100 ft. of almost sheer cliff near the Clifton Suspension Bridge. Roped with two young companions, he had been climbing the point which is known as Sinister Gully, when he was injured by a fall of stones. The others decided to stay on a ledge half-way up the 300-ft. cliff. Mr. Farrell was passing in his car when his headlights picked up the rescue team of firemen, and he climbed 120 ft. to help them. John Scott was taken to hospital for treatment.

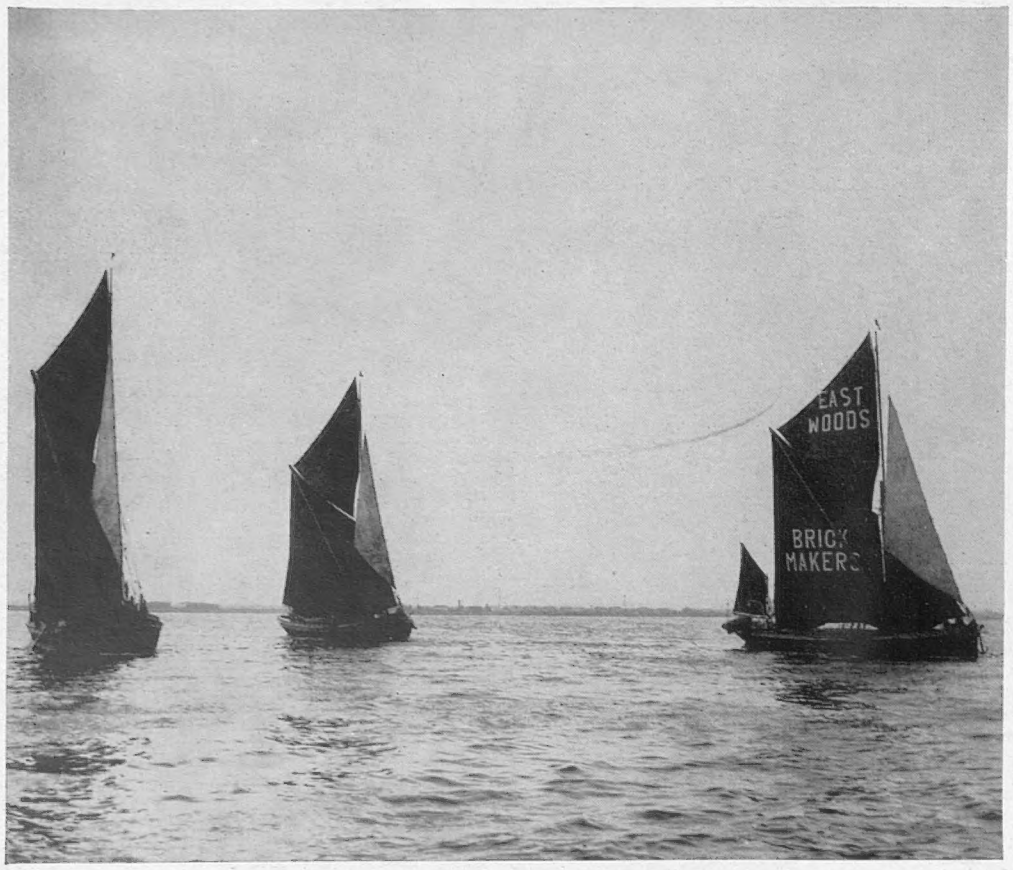
***On left*—**
"FROGMEN" ASSIST IN A SEARCH FOR MISSING CHILDREN: Members of the Bristol Sub-Aqua Club help in dragging operations in the River Frome at Snuff Mills, near Bristol. They were helping police, civil defence detachments and thousands of volunteers in searching for two Bristol children who, at that time, had been missing from their home for three days.



TRAGEDY OFF THE ISLE OF USHANT, BRITTANY: The Liberian tanker *Stony Point* is towed into Falmouth, Cornwall, while the Greek tanker *Ioannis* (*right*) lies off Brest after their collision in thick fog off the Isle of Ushant. When the two vessels collided they burst violently into flames. Fourteen members of the crews died, eighteen were injured and one is missing. First messages reported that the *Stony Point* had sunk, but it was learnt later that she remained afloat after being abandoned by her crew, and that the Dutch tug *Thames* was fighting the flames. The *Thames* took the vessel in tow, but the *Ioannis* was able to reach Brest under her own power. The captains of both ships stated that they registered the closing in of the vessels on their radar shortly before the accident.



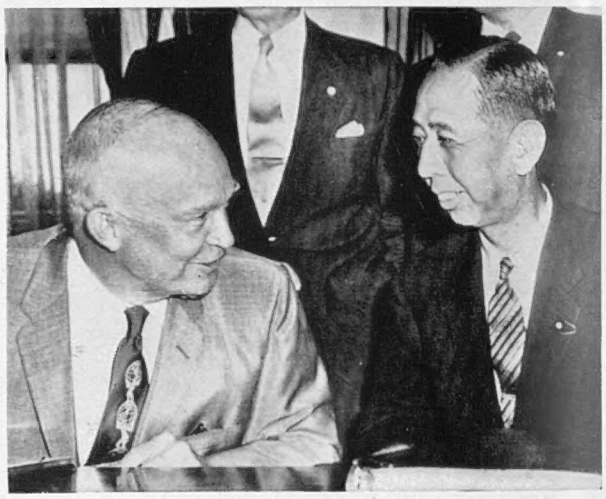
THE NEWS IN PICTURES



THE BARGE RACE ON THE THAMES WON BY THE OLDEST ENTRANT: *Left*—The three barges in the restricted staysail class are, from the left, *Dreadnought*, *Revival* and *Westmoreland*. They are seen taking advantage of their thirty minutes' start over the course from Lower Hope, near Gravesend, to North Oaze Buoy and back to Gravesend, during the annual Thames barge race. *Right*—The winner, *Sirdar*, fifty-nine years of age and the oldest entrant, is in the foreground. Beyond is *Veronica*, another in the open class. *Sirdar* won with ease after rounding the North Oaze buoy.

On right—

DR. NKRUMAH'S ARRIVAL IN LONDON: Police hold back enthusiastic supporters of the Prime Minister of Ghana (third from right) at Euston Station as he makes his way to his car. The chief representative of the latest fully independent member of the British Commonwealth was one of the first arrivals in London for the current Conference of Commonwealth Prime Ministers. In his first Press interview, Dr. Nkrumah said "Ghana is happy and honoured to have become a member of that remarkable association of free and independent states which have voluntarily come together." He added his country was proud to be the first truly African member of the Commonwealth. He then answered questions about the new Ghanaian National Anthem being substituted for "God Save the Queen."



THE JAPANESE PRIME MINISTER IN AMERICA: Mr. Kishi sits with President Eisenhower in the White House on the day of his arrival in Washington. Later President and Prime Minister played a round of golf together. At a Press Conference, Mr. Eisenhower referred to chances of a great increase of understanding "with our friends the Japanese."

CARDINAL WYSZYNSKI RETURNS TO WARSAW FROM ROME AFTER RECEIVING HIS RED HAT: The Primate of Poland is interviewed at the railway station of Warsaw on his arrival from Rome, where he had spent six weeks. During his stay at the Vatican he had been formally invested in the Sacred College. *On left*—Dr. Wyszynski takes part in a religious service in the open air in the Polish capital. His visit to Rome is understood to have been the first to be made by any Cardinal from an "Iron Curtain" country. He was raised to the Sacred College in 1952. Owing to the political conditions in Communist Poland he was arrested in 1953 and only released after the Polish uprisings of last year and the emergence of the Gomulka Government. Stefan Wyszynski is generally regarded as one of the most influential figures in Poland.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

MR. GOMULKA IN EAST GERMANY: The Secretary-General of the Polish Communist Party (left) and Herr Walter Ulbricht, Secretary-General of the East German Communist Party, drive together through East Berlin. Mr. Gomulka had just arrived with a Polish delegation in East Germany. However, the cheerfulness in the picture is misleading, for Mr. Gomulka's visit did not follow the usual pattern of exchange of courtesies between National Communist Parties. Herr Ulbricht seemed to go out of his way to stress that he was an "orthodox" Communist, faithful to the Kremlin, while Mr. Gomulka made speeches directed as much to West as to East Germany.

GUARD OF HONOUR FOR GENERAL SPEIDEL IN WEST GERMANY: At the Joint Headquarters of the Northern Army Group at München-Gladbach, the Commander Allied Land Forces, Central Europe, inspects men of the Buffs (Royal East Kent Regiment). They were one of the three units which provided the guard of honour for the General on his visit there, the others being the 1st Royal Canadian Regiment and the Belgian Grenadiers. General Dr. Hans Speidel came into prominence during the war as Chief of Staff to Rommel. Like all the German generals of ability, he fell into disgrace with Hitler. After the war he retired into private life and followed academic pursuits—he is "Doktor" as well as General. He has returned to a military career with the formation of the new German Army and Germany's participation in Western defence.

THE SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE OPENING OF THE ST. GOTTHARD TUNNEL: The original locomotive and carriages of the first train to pass through the famous tunnel under the Alps in 1882 were a great centre of attraction in Göschinen, at the Swiss end of the pass, last week. The train had been brought out to take part in the seventy-fifth anniversary celebrations of the opening of the tunnel. Begun in 1872, its total length of 9 miles 562 yards was finished ten years later. It was electrified soon after the First World War. To-day it is one of the most important rail links in Europe.

AN EMPTY PLINTH IN DELHI: The statue which stood above it of General John Nicholson, of Indian Mutiny fame, has been removed and only the name remains on the stone base. In this centenary year of the Mutiny the Indian Government has refrained from making any special Nationalist propaganda, but in deference to the feelings of its people certain British memorials have been taken away. The removals have been done quietly at night. Historians may consider that Nicholson has been badly treated. He was killed in the relief of Delhi in 1857, near the spot where his statue used to stand. But before the Mutiny he had shown himself a wise, just and capable administrator in the Punjab and modern India owes men like Nicholson no small debt.

On left—

REMEMBERING LIDICE: The flags of many nations fly at the village in Czechoslovakia on the fifteenth anniversary of the wholesale destruction of its population and buildings by the Germans in 1942. It was one of the most appalling of the many barbarous massacres committed by the Nazis. At this year's anniversary, Dr. Barnett Stross, M.P. for Stoke-on-Trent Central, was among those who spoke.

b

RESCUE BY CABLEWAY : A soldier brings a child in the chair rigged over a street turned into a raging torrent in the village of Acceglio, in Piedmont. Troops were sent for relief and rescue to many parts of the area in north Italy devastated by the recent floods, storms and tornadoes. A preliminary survey reported fifteen people killed. It is estimated that the damage to crops and buildings alone will cost £35,000,000 to make good.

On right—

THE WRECKAGE OF A BRIDGE : The centre part of its structure has been swept away by the swollen waters of the River Dora, near Turin, and what remains has been twisted and battered. The collapse of bridges and widespread damage to roads and railway lines impeded the rescue work.

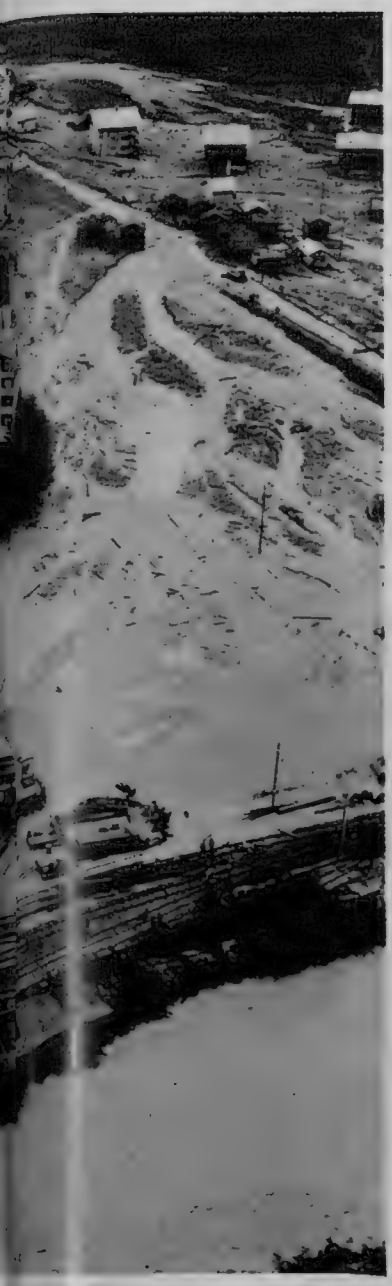
DEVASTATION IN SWITZERLAND : An aerial view of Taesch, in the Zermatt region, which had to be evacuated when the floods poured through it. The railway lines and station in the foreground have been heavily battered. The foundations of the church in the background were seriously undermined. It was feared the building might collapse.

THE PATH OF A TORNADO : Villagers of Robecco, near Pavia, in the Po Valley, gather round the wreckage of dwellings after a tornado had swept over the buildings. Seven people were killed and some thirty seriously injured in this area of Northern Italy. Relief squads were sent from Milan and other cities to assist local police and firemen.

AFTERMATH OF THE FLOODS

Rescue and Repair in Italy, France and Switzerland

In different parts of Europe at the beginning of last week the weather showed itself in both its extremes. While Britain, Denmark, Sweden and Northern Germany enjoyed a heat-wave, regions of Italy, Switzerland and Southern France suffered appalling damage from torrential downpours, thunder, floods, tornadoes, whirlwinds, cyclones and landslides. Preliminary figures put the death-roll in Northern Italy as fifteen at least, with twenty-three in a critical condition from injuries. In Piedmont the damage to crops and buildings was estimated at around £35,000,000, with a further huge sum required for damage to railways and roads. At one time almost all the rail and road communications between France and Italy were cut because landslides followed the floods. In the Po Valley what were variously described as tornadoes or whirlwinds struck three villages, leaving a trail of death and desolation. Terrified inhabitants fled as their homes collapsed. Near the Zermatt area of Switzerland, Britons were among those in villages where the main streets were transformed into raging torrents. Taesch had to be evacuated. In Alpine France the River Arc, swollen by floodwaters, rose by 10 ft. in a few hours, and elsewhere torrents swept down from the mountains and left in their wake piles of debris and rubble. In this area damage was put at £30,000,000. Away to the west, in the French Pyrenees, Tarascon endured a cyclone which brought with it violent hailstorms. Thus, over wide areas of Europe civilians and troops laboured on the work of rescue and repair.



A LANDSLIDE IN ITALY: The road through the mountains near Monginevro, about fifty miles from Turin, has been cut by a landslide. A section of the highway, one of the main routes between Italy and France, was carried 200 ft. down to the valley below. The main railway to France in this area was also made impassable by landslides. Telephone communications were cut completely.

DEBRIS AND DESOLATION IN A FRENCH ALPINE TOWN: The main street of Val d'Isère, well known to winter-sports enthusiasts, is littered with uprooted trees, telephone and electric cable posts, boulders and a variety of other rubble. Floods swept down from the rocky beds of mountain streams, breaching roads and inundating houses. Several bridges were carried away. The Alpine region was not the only part of France to suffer from the weather. Tarascon, in the Pyrenees, was hit by a cyclone.

ORKNEY'S WAR-TIME SHRINE IN DANGER

The Fabric of the Italian Chapel is Deteriorating through Damage by Man and Nature

When the *Royal Oak* was sent to the bottom of Scapa Flow by Germany's Commander Prien, after a particularly courageous cruise in a U-boat in 1939, Sir Winston Churchill ordered the approaches to be sealed forthwith. Immediately, block ships were sunk at all the eastern approaches to Scapa Flow, and later—with the help of Italian prisoners-of-war—the noted "Churchill Barriers" were built. These barriers were constructed from solid blocks of concrete and dropped across the sounds between the islands. Hundreds of thousands of prefabricated concrete blocks, each weighing 5 tons, were dropped into the sea and the whole operation cost over £2,000,000. To-day, the barriers are used as causeways between the islands and the mainland is joined with the islands of South Ronaldsay, Burray, Glimps, and Lamb Holm. In some cases the ferry service has been dispensed with and the southernmost tip of Orkney is linked with the county town by bus in half an hour, a vast improvement on former days.

When the operation was put in hand some considerable time had to pass before the completion of the foundations and the appearance of the blocks above the water-level. As this was achieved the Italian prisoners were given fresh heart, and they went about their work with increased vigour. Although their task was hard, they were happy, and were aided in their work by the modern methods of a British contractor. They were fed well and, of course, received payment according to the rules of the Geneva Convention. Unlike the methods used by the Japanese, they were asked to work only normal British working hours. But in any case, for more than half the year it meant starting late and finishing early, for Orkney has long summer days and very short winter ones.

During the long winter evenings the Italian prisoners set about building their own chapel. The whole of it was built around a Nissen hut and constructed in concrete. Inside the building all the ornaments were made by hand and the walls and ceilings were lavishly decorated. The chapel was completed in 1944 but has long since been abandoned. No one appears to own it, there is no regular custodian, and therefore it is not cleaned or renovated, except by a few appreciative visitors (possibly Italians). It is listed in guide books as an "attraction" and consequently draws many visitors. Unfortunately, the deterioration which has been brought about by both time and weather has been increased by some visitors who have scrawled their names over the fabric, and even taken souvenirs. The future of the isolated building is uncertain. It is a show-piece of the islands, and there are many Orcadians who are now wondering if they have been slow in asking for the preservation of this lovingly constructed little chapel.

THE SORRY STATE OF ORKNEY'S WARTIME SHRINE: The visitor is looking at the chapel which was built by Italian prisoners-of-war while working on the Churchill barriers—part of Orkney's wartime defence. The chapel is an extended Nissen hut and is on Lamb Holm, the first island to be linked with the mainland by means of the barriers. Although it is visited by many tourists, the chapel is in danger of being lost through damage by man and nature. Even the fences to keep out the sheep have broken down. The chapel was completed in 1944.

INSIDE THE CHAPEL: The wrought-iron work in front of the altar is still in good condition. The floor of the chapel is made of concrete slabs with decorative mosaics in places, and the ceiling is painted to resemble a brick-built arch. Apart from the actual hut the chapel was built entirely of concrete and pieces of brass, iron and wire. *On right*—This is one of the ornate paintings on the arched ceiling.

LINKING THE ISLANDS OF ORKNEY: A car travels along the causeway built on the foundations of the Churchill barriers. The barriers, built under the supervision of a British contractor, have been handed over to the Orcadian authorities, and the mainland of Orkney is now linked with four of the other smaller islands.

VANDALISM: The extensive array of scratches and markings around one of the imitation stained-glass windows have been made by visitors to the tiny chapel.

APPEAL FOR OXFORD

£1,750,000 is Needed to Preserve the University's Historic Buildings

On left—

THE CRUMBLING STONES OF OXFORD: The soft Headington stone fabric of Christ Church Library is in a state of decay. It is estimated that repairs to this exterior will cost over £150,000. But it is only one of the many buildings of the University for which an appeal for £1,750,000 for repair purposes has been launched by fourteen distinguished signatories.

"Oxford is now a large industrial town. But at its heart still stands the tiny walled city of the Middle Ages. If we go a little beyond those walls to take in six colleges, we have a rectangle whose area still is less than half a square mile. Yet within this compass there lie, even at the most conservative estimate, thirty-two major buildings of great beauty, of architectural importance, or historical interest; and many of them combine all three of these qualities . . . what is surely remarkable is this astonishing concentration in a minute area of so much irreplaceable beauty."

These words come from the pamphlet accompanying the appeal for funds for the preservation and repair of Oxford's historic buildings. They excellently sum up the reasons for the appeal, which includes among its fourteen eminent signatories Mr. Macmillan and his four immediate predecessors as Prime Minister.

Many of the buildings are constructed of soft stone, which in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, especially, was often unfortunately faultily laid. Repair work on a large scale is imperative. No less than £1,750,000 is required. The money will be spent over the next ten years. The University buildings requiring extensive and urgent restoration include the Sheldonian Theatre, the Bodleian Library, the Radcliffe Camera and St. Mary's Church. Almost all the colleges need help.

The appeal is directed primarily to those who owe Oxford a special allegiance. But it will surely find an eager response among a much wider public both in Britain and overseas. Contributions should be sent to: The Trustees, Oxford Historic Buildings Appeal, the Old Bank, Oxford.

Below—

OUTSIDE THE SHELDONIAN: The decaying busts of the Roman emperors look over the Broad. The south end of the Sheldonian is also deeply rotted. Repairs to the theatre will cost £120,000.

A GREAT INDUSTRY IN THE FORESTS OF CANADA: *Left*—Logs are jettisoned from a lorry into the water for the next stage of their journey from the forest to the mill or distribution centre. *Right*—A logger, complete with axe and modern power-driven chain-saw, sets out on foot through the snow for his day's work. Life in the forest industries is now vastly different from former years, and to-day the men go to the woods with a more serious purpose than they did on occasions in the past.

CANADA'S WOODLANDS

A Transformation has Taken Place in the Forest Industries, Canada's Largest Single Source of Wealth

THE ROADS HAVE A DUAL PURPOSE: As well as being used by vehicular traffic they act as a defence in the face of spreading fire and allow access to the forest for the control of insects and disease. *On right*—A row of houses at a divisional headquarters.

In Canada, where forests cover 1,621,045 square miles of the country's total land area of 3,560,215 square miles, forestry industries and the associated pulp and paper production have for long been its largest single source of wealth. Only lately has mining threatened the supremacy of the woodlands industry. Production figures for 1955 show forestry, pulp and paper contributing very considerably to the nation's gross production. Mining, including oil and gas products, continues to climb at a relatively faster rate than the forest-based industries.

A quiet revolution has been proceeding in the woodlands. The old picture of the tough, rough woodsmen wielding the axe and the bucksaw for weeks on end, then going to the towns in droves with fat pay packets to enjoy themselves is long out of date. To-day the men go to the woods with a more serious purpose. More often now, they go to earn money to buy a farm, or to build a house, or to improve the homestead they already have.

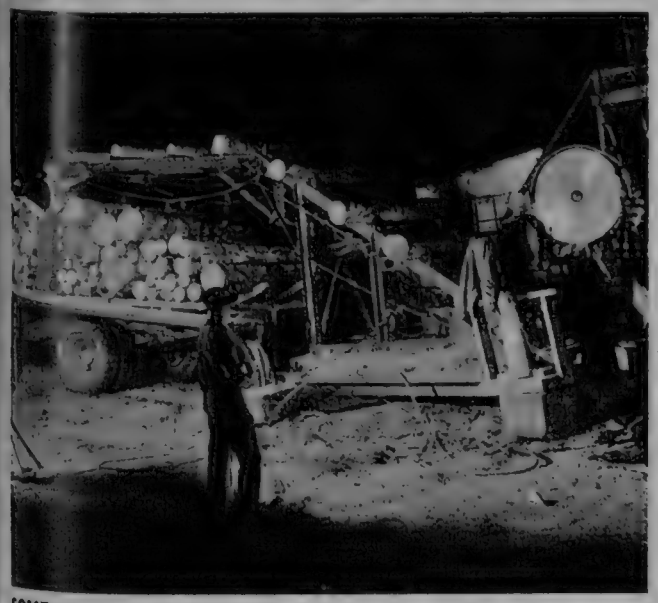
One single change that has had far-reaching repercussions is the introduction of the now universal petrol-driven power saw to replace the old hand bucksaw. Although good woodsmen do not cut more wood with the power saw, they expend far less physical energy and, in consequence, are not exhausted in their early thirties, as often used to be the case. Now one can see a father and two sons working as a team, the father cutting with the power saw and the sons handling the heavier job of moving and stacking the logs.

Changing social customs, too, have brought ameliorations in living conditions in the camps in the cutting areas. Great attention is paid to nutrition and providing the men with attractive, well-cooked food. The industry maintains a nutrition committee which continually reviews feeding in the camps and advises firms on their catering problems.

With the logging season lengthening—it is now often ten months out of twelve—many more men make the woods a permanent occupation. Houses and schools have been built for them and their families at divisional headquarters which serves anything up to 1,500 square miles of forest. The men go out to camps in the cutting areas for five days and return to their homes at headquarters for the week-end. Transport and roads have changed things for the younger men, too. Many now have their own cars and drive into town for the week-end. Others club together and hire a car for the trip.

What has not changed is the kind of man who goes to the woods. Though the wages are high enough to make many townsmen envious, few city dwellers seek work in the woods. It is still a job that is handed down from one woodsman to his sons. Reinforcements, however, are now coming from immigrants arriving from Scandinavia and other wooded areas of Europe.

LIVING CONDITIONS AT A CAMP SITE: The forestry men are living in one of the camp's bunk-houses which is heated by means of the huge wood-burning stove seen on the left of the picture.



SOME WORK CONTINUES THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT: 16-ft.-long logs, of varying thicknesses, are being cut by a circular saw into lengths of either 4 or 8 ft. for easier transportation.

ASSEMBLING THE LOGS: This is one of the yarding sites in the forest and is situated north of Lake Superior. There are two methods of transporting the logs by water. If they are making the journey on a river they are floated down, but if it is across a lake the logs are formed into a boom and towed.

ON GUARD AGAINST THE WOODLAND'S WORST ENEMY: The aircraft, which forms part of the industry's very essential fire patrol, keeps in constant touch with headquarters and the men working in the forest. In case of emergency it is equipped to land on the many lakes in the vast forest areas.

FLYING-BOAT SERVICE TO SWITZERLAND

And News of Other Aircraft and a Guided Missile for the U.S. Navy

On right—

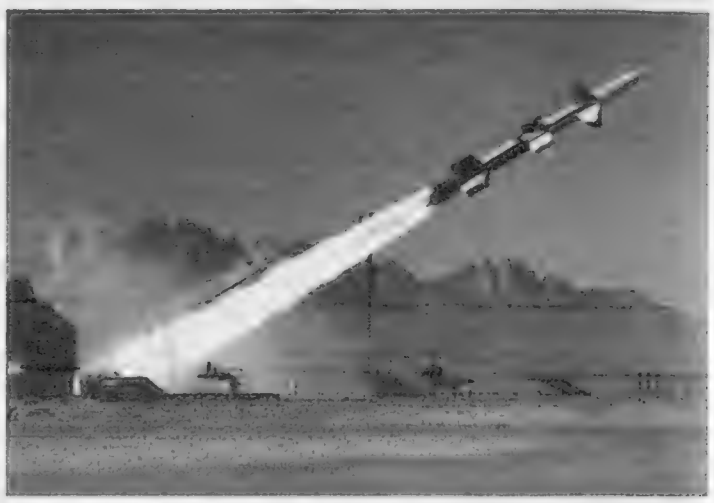
AT HER MOORINGS ON LAKE GENEVA: Shortly after touching-down on the waters of Lake Geneva, this Aquila Airways flying-boat, which is being used in a new direct weekly flying-boat service between Southampton Water and Montreux, in Switzerland, became the centre of attraction with both sightseers on the land and on the water. The Swiss police had to arrange for one of their police launches to keep spectators from getting too close.

Below—

A NEW TURBO-PROP RADAR AIRCRAFT: Here is a designer's impression of the new saucer-domed radar aircraft with turbo-prop power for which the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation has received a contract from the United States Navy. It is designed to provide what is termed "high, wide and then some" expansion of America's sky-warning system. A new search and tracking radar device will be installed in a large dorsal radome shaped like a saucer.

Below—

A POWERFUL PROPELLER-JET TWOSOME: The Lockheed Aircraft Corporation's propeller-jet, the YC-121F Super Constellation, and its high-winged companion, the C-130 Hercules, are pictured in flight together. Four Pratt and Whitney T-34 engines give the jet-and-propeller Super Constellation cruising speeds of more than 420 m.p.h. It can carry 106 passengers, 18 tons of cargo or 73 litter patients. The C-130 Hercules, which is assigned to the United States Air Force Tactical Air Command, is a six-mile-a-minute carrier which is powered by four of the Allison T-56 engines.



SURFACE-TO-AIR GUIDED MISSILE: Talos, the United States Navy's increased range surface-to-air guided missile, takes off in a blaze from the launcher to lock itself on to a target. It is guided by its mechanical brain, which is known as the steering intelligence system. This missile, powered by a ram-jet engine which boosts it to supersonic speed, is to be added to the weapons of the United States Fleet early next year. It will form the major armament of the light cruiser U.S.S. *Galveston*, which is at present being converted to a guided-missile cruiser at the Philadelphia Naval Shipyard. The Talos has been undergoing flight tests at a United States Naval Ordnance Missile Proving Ground and it has demonstrated a remarkably high degree of accuracy and reliability at even its longest range. Because of this the U.S. Navy is making the first shipboard installation of Talos directly in a first-line cruiser without the intervening steps of trials in experimental vessels. The missile's engine is less than 30 ins. in diameter.

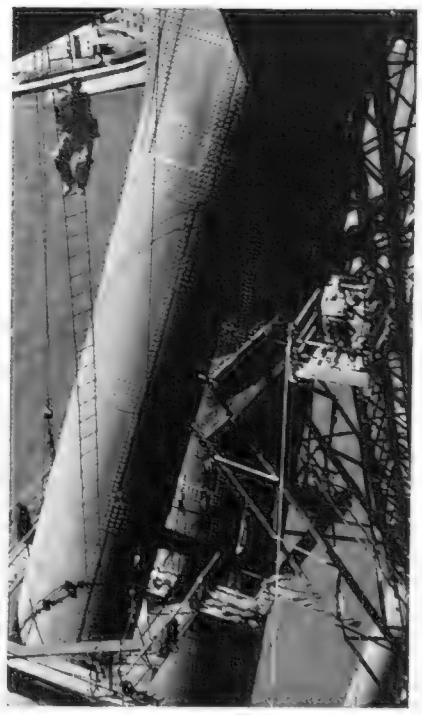
CLOSING IN FOR A "KILL": The Talos missile closes in on a QE-17 Drone aircraft. The Talos has registered "kills" with reliability and accuracy at distances of up to 25 miles. Its speed is supersonic.

WALKING TOWARDS THE SKY: Two workmen with chains slung over their shoulders walk, apparently unconcerned, up the north cantilever of the famous Forth Bridge, in Scotland. They are two of the fitters who work on the bridge all the year round. They were seen going about their duties 360 ft. above the Firth of Forth by thousands of viewers all over the country when B.B.C. television cameras visited the bridge during one of the series of outside broadcasts entitled "Now."

The FORTH BRIDGE from UNFAMILIAR ANGLES

The B.B.C's Television Cameras Show the Vastness of Scotland's Famous Bridge from the Air

One of the recent television programmes, "Now," was of special interest to Scottish viewers. Outside Broadcasts cameras of the B.B.C. were focused on the Forth Bridge, in Scotland, which carries the railway over the Firth of Forth. The programme was undoubtedly a great technical feat on the part of the cameramen. One of the cameras was airborne in a helicopter which was piloted by Captain J. Reid, of British European Airways, and others were directed on the bridge from various points, including the summit of one of the giant cantilevers. The layman's resistance to vertigo was tested by the shots from the top of the Forth Bridge, and this precarious enterprise brought panoramic sequences from unusual angles, as can be seen from the pictures on this page. The various facts about the bridge were explained by the commentator, Jameson Clark. He discussed a variety of details, from the length of the cantilevers to the 6,000,000 rivets which hold the structure together. The total length of the bridge, including the approaches, is 2,765 yards and it was erected between 1883 and 1890. Each of the main spans, which are 1,710 ft. in length, is formed of two cantilevers united by a girder. The bridge's own weight helps to maintain it more firmly in position. The steel towers from which the cantilevers spring are 360 ft. high and are supported on granite piers, the pier in the centre resting on the small island of Inchgarvie. The clear headway at high-water between the arches of the bridge and the river is 151 ft. The designers of the bridge were Sir John Fowler and Sir Benjamin Baker.



THEY HAVE A HEAD FOR HEIGHTS! *Left*—The picture taken by a "still" camera shows one of the painters descending a ladder high above the river. *On right*—Another breath-taking shot of the bridge is recorded of a painter climbing down to start work on the staging round the north-west cantilever. The painters and scaffold-riggers, whose work keeps them constantly on the bridge, were interviewed by a commentator.

THE CAPITAL OF ST. HELENA : The liner *Kenya Castle* lies in James Bay outside Jamestown, the capital of the remote island in the Atlantic Ocean. The trim houses and groups of trees lie below the steep slopes of volcanic origin along which paths follow zigzag courses.

MAIN STREET, JAMESTOWN : his exile. The parked island. Modern St. Hele

NEW PICTURES FROM NAPOLEON'S ISLAND

St. Helena, Famous as the Home of the Exiled Emperor, is a Remote and Small but Attractive British Possession

YOUNG AND OLD : Children in Jamestown. *On left*—An old woman by her door. Most of the 4,877 population is of mixed European, African and Asian origin.

JACOB'S LADDER IS A FEATU Hill and the East Ind great sports of the bo

IT has been well said that St. Helena is probably the best known of all the solitary islands in the world. The reason for this, of course, is its association with Napoleon. Anyone with even the minutest feeling for history will inevitably approach the island with this in mind. The shade of the exiled Emperor cannot fail to dominate the scene. But it is quite wrong to think of St. Helena only in terms of Napoleon. On the map it is a solitary pinprick almost in the middle of the South Atlantic Ocean. It forms with its inhabited " neighbours " Ascension Island, 760 miles to the north-west, and Tristan da Cunha, 1,320 miles to the south-west, the British colony of St. Helena and Dependencies.

The chief of these three islands, St. Helena has had a varied history. Discovered by the Portuguese navigator, Juan de Nova Castella, in 1502 (possibly on St. Helena's Day), nobody seemed particularly interested in it for over 100 years until it was annexed by the Dutch in 1633, but even then not occupied. However, it was assuming some importance on the route via the Cape to India, and in 1659 the English East India Company did occupy the island. A few years later ownership was disputed by the Dutch but they were driven away by the Royal Navy and the East India Company resumed occupation.

It was the Company which lent St. Helena to the British Government in 1815 as a residence for the exiled Napoleon, and on his death in 1821 the Government handed it back. Finally it was ceded to the Crown in 1834 and from that point its modern development begins. Last year it received a new constitution and the Colony is now governed by a Governor aided by an Executive and an Advisory Council. The Governor alone makes ordinances, there being no Legislative Council, but power is reserved to Her Majesty in Council to legislate by Order.

In area 47 square miles, St. Helena has an estimated population of 4,877, and 1,600 of the inhabitants live in Jamestown, the port and only town. The remainder are scattered in communities which are often on high ground, for the island is rugged and mountainous with peaks rising to about 2,700 ft. The climate is pleasant, avoiding extremes of heat and cold, and on the uplands the green vegetation, the English types of trees and yellow gorse and the low stone walls are often reminiscent of the Devonshire countryside.

But, according to official statistics, no fewer than 33 square miles of the island are waste lands, most of which are completely barren. Life therefore is bound to be something of a struggle for its people.

Their geographical position means that the St. Helenans lead a remote existence. Under normal conditions ships sailing between the United Kingdom and South Africa call at monthly intervals. These are the only regular mails. But a certain number of merchant ships also put in to the open roadstead in James Bay outside Jamestown, which provides good anchorage for vessels of any size.

The merchant ships are necessary because the island cannot live on its resources. The sea provides fish and there are livestock and vegetables in the fields but in terms of trade, St. Helena's imports are almost four times as large as its exports.

The only secondary industry is the manufacture of fibre, tow, rope and twine from New Zealand hemp (this makes up 99 per cent. of the exports). Five hemp mills are in operation. Otherwise there is no industry beyond hand-made lace and other handicraft products which are sold to the passengers of ships when they call. Against the exports, St. Helena has to import food, drink, tobacco, cotton piece goods, timber, hardware, motor vehicles, machinery and building materials.

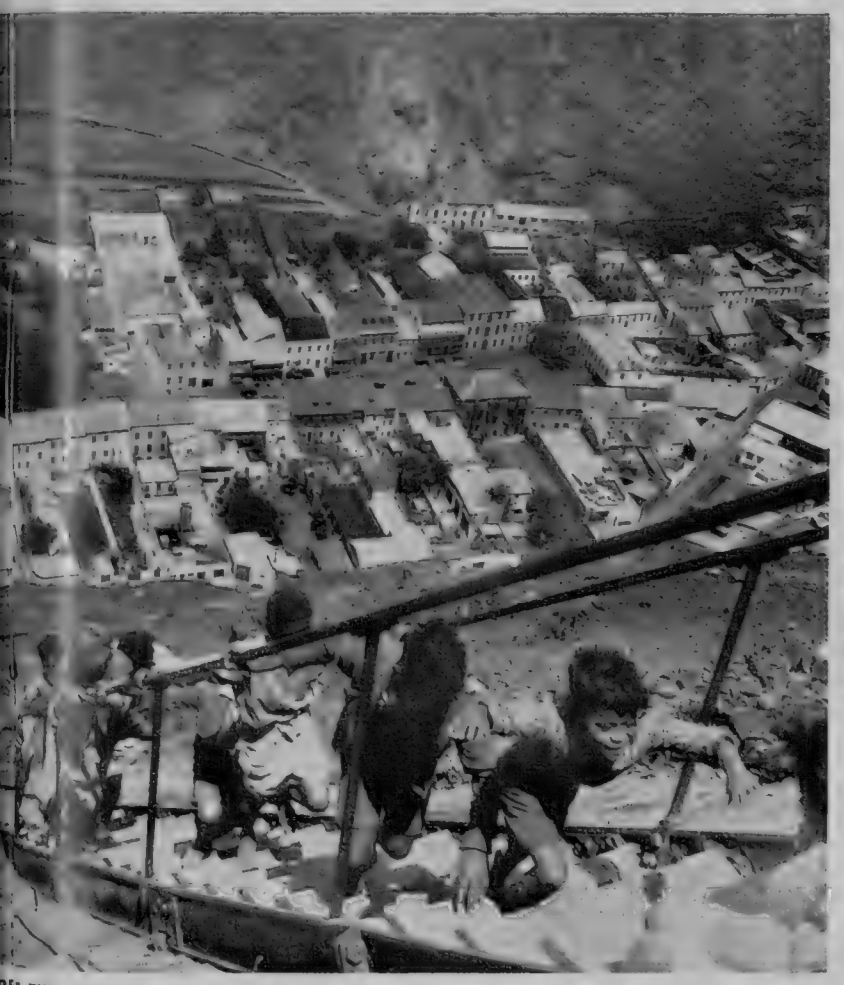
In fact, St. Helena can hardly survive without a substantial grant-in-aid from Britain to balance its budget. The grant amounted to £74,300 in 1955. Also very considerable help is being given in development under the United Kingdom Colonial Development and Welfare

Irone of the houses on the far side of the street, Napoleon spent the first night of ntor vehicles have sixty-five miles of all-weather roads available to them on the n is being assisted under the United Kingdom Colonial Development and Welfare Act.

NAPOLEON'S RESIDENCE : Longwood Old House was where Bonaparte lived in exile from 1815 until his death in 1821. It is situated high up in the hills in the centre of the island. The Emperor was buried nearby and his body remained on the island until it was removed to the Invalides, in Paris, in 1840.

On right—

EYES THAT LOOKED ON BONAPARTE : Jonathan, a large tortoise, is believed to be over 200 years old and therefore must surely have gazed on Napoleon. Nowadays the reptile can often be found in the grounds of the Governor's house.



RE THE CAPITAL : Children climb up the 699 steps which lead to the top of Ladder ompany's old fortress above Jamestown. Sliding down the railings is one of the y and girls of St. Helena. Schoolchildren comprise nearly a third of the population.

IN THE GREEN HILLS : St. Matthew's Church at Longwood is in surroundings typical of the high ground of the island. Green vegetation, gorse, and stone walls in a temperate climate present a scene which is reminiscent of Devon.

On right—

AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CHURCH : St. James, in Jamestown, was built in 1772. In front is Lower Parade Square. Here proclamations are still read. Behind is Ladder Hill.

Act. For the period 1955-60, £198,000 has been made available. This is being used to arrest soil erosion and for forestry, to improve housing, to add to the health services (which include one hospital), on the port of Jamestown, on roads (St. Helena already has sixty-five miles of all-weather roads for motor traffic), and for education.

There is a high proportion of children of school age in the population. They all receive free and compulsory education and some seventy of them attend the single selective secondary school. In 1955 the education authorities could take credit in having two students taking advanced courses in Britain.

Yet, when all the facts and aspects of life are considered on St. Helena, the most important animate being to-day is not a person but a reptile. In the grounds of the Governor's house can be seen a large, lumbering tortoise. His name is Jonathan and, it is believed, he is 200 years old. Can there be a more tantalising figure in the world? In 1815 he was already well grown and must have seen Napoleon. If only he could talk, what recollections, what reminiscences there would be (and, incidentally, what enormous wealth would accrue to him from television and newspaper interviews)!

Perhaps the more imaginative, as they look into the steady pupils of Jonathan's eyes, can see still clearly retained the image of the small figure which once dominated the world strutting on the lawns of Longwood—sad, bad and not a little mad, shouting imprecations in one of the interminable quarrels with Governor Lowe or dictating the endless justificatory memoirs to the ever-faithful Las Cases. Then, as the cancer tightens its grip on the no longer dynamic frame, silence falls. The image disappears and all that remains is the reptile's cold, immobile gaze, in itself a wise and sufficient commentary on the folly of human pretensions.

DUCKING THE CADETS

French Naval Cadets Take Part in a Ceremony in Paris

THE ANNUAL DUCKING OF NEW FRENCH NAVAL CADETS: The new members of the French Naval College kneel on the steps of the Paris Opera while waiting their turn to have their heads ducked in the bucket. The ceremony takes place each year and is performed by the older members. It attracts a big crowd of sightseers.

On right—

THE DUCKING: One of the cadets has his head immersed in water. The cadets wear their jackets back to front and hold their caps behind their backs.

On left—

THE ORDEAL IS OVER: The cadet, watched by the next "victim," shakes his head after the ducking. Like the other cadets, his trousers are rolled up beyond the knees.

Below—

ANOTHER DRENCHING: As the cadets walk past the Opera a bucket of water is thrown over their heads.

FIGHTING THE DRAGON

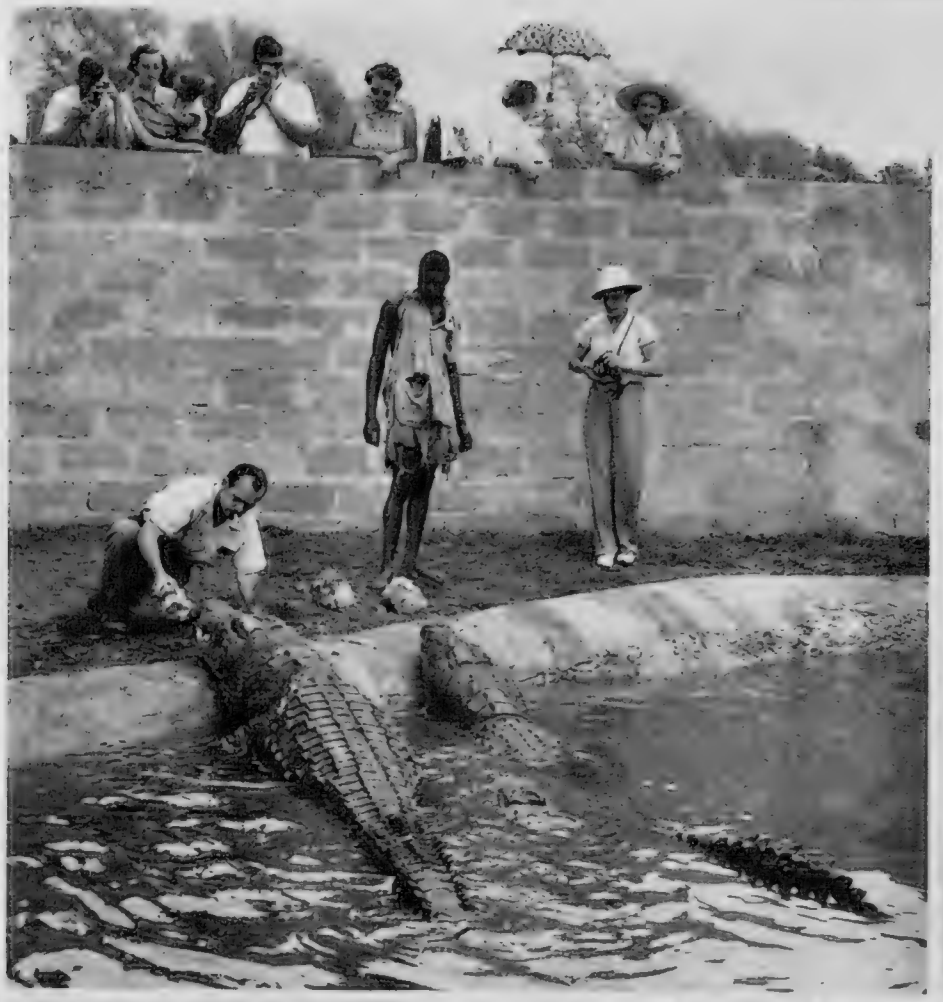
The Annual Festival in the Belgian Town of Mons

THE ANNUAL FIGHT IN MONS BETWEEN ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON: A general view of the scene during the annual festival, showing a section of the vast crowd which watched an episode in the traditional procession and fight. In the foreground the replica of the dragon is being manhandled and "attacked" by some of the participants in the ceremony. As the pageant was about to start, it was noticed that the dragon was missing. A search was made and the dragon was not found until an hour or so later, when it was discovered in Wasmes. Both towns claimed the prize, but after a long discussion it was finally returned to Mons—a difficult operation which involved the use of lorries and the help of many hands.

THE SPECTATORS JOIN IN THE PROCEEDINGS: The dragon's long tail has swished round and its attendants are retrieving it from the spectators. *Below*—A group of spectators help to push one of the highly decorative horse-drawn floats up a hill during the procession. The float carries the shrine of St. Waudru.

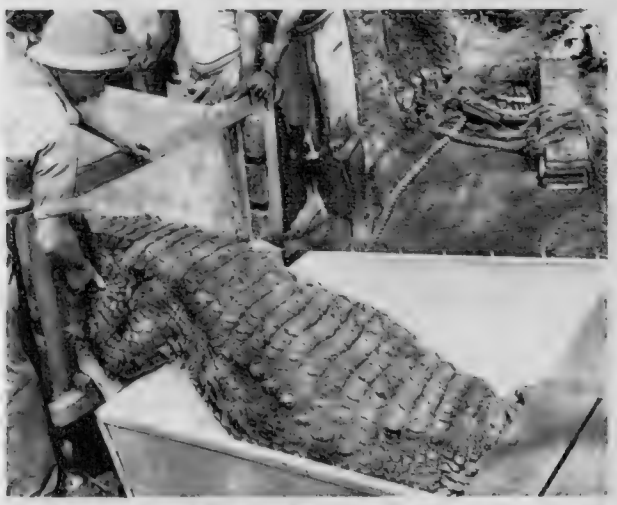
CROCODILES FOR EXPORT

A New Thriving Industry in Northern Rhodesia

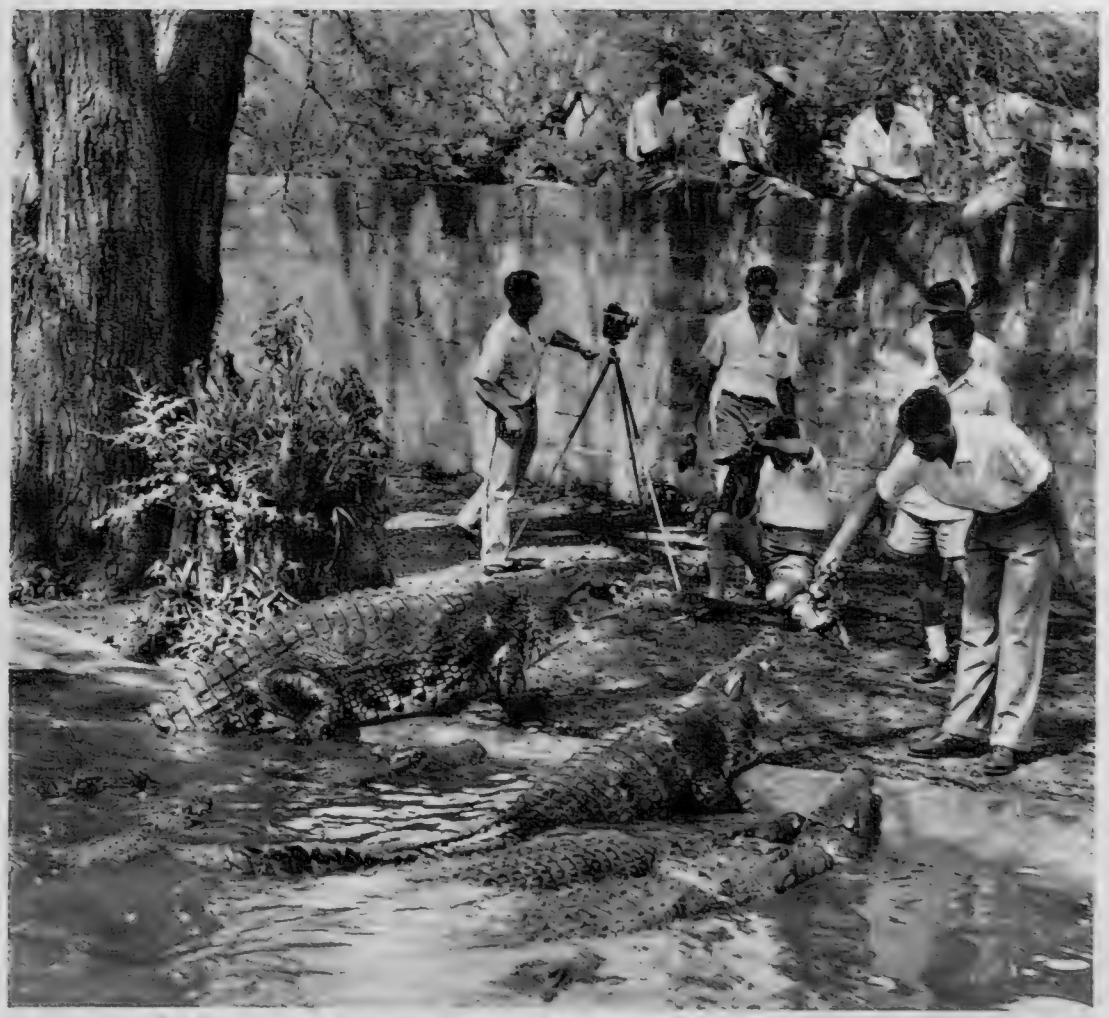


HANDLING LIVE CROCODILES IN LIVINGSTONE, NORTHERN RHODESIA: *Left*—Mr. Arthur Jones is kneeling at a pool to feed one of the crocodiles, which he has caught for his own or another zoo in the United States. *Right*—Live crocodiles arrive by lorry to be placed in the pool while waiting for their journey to America.

MAN AND CROCODILE FACE TO FACE: One of the fierce creatures is being recaptured from the drained pool at Livingstone, in readiness for the journey to New Orleans, in the U.S.A.



ALMOST READY FOR TRANSPORTATION: The crocodile is being placed into the huge travelling tank in which it will make the long journey from Africa to its ultimate destination.



ENTICING THE CROCODILES FROM THE POOL: On the last feeding day before being exported to America the crocodiles are enticed from the water by choice morsels of meat. While spectators watch from the wall, Mr. Jones and several others stand by the pool to make a photographic recording of the proceedings.

The export of crocodile skins from Livingstone, Northern Rhodesia, has been a thriving industry for many years, but it was not until this year that live crocodiles, in any quantity, appeared on the export list. Towards the end of 1956 an American, Mr. Arthur Jones, of Slidell, Louisiana, arrived in Livingstone with the intention of exporting fifty large crocodiles to the United States for his own and other zoos in that country. Even among hardened crocodile hunters this seemed to be a rather big undertaking, but it soon became evident that Mr. Jones was having some success with his project.

At first, when he was helped by one local hunter, Mr. Trevor Schultz, aged twenty, Mr. Jones established a camp along one of the tributaries of the Zambesi and shortly afterwards returned to the town with his first two live crocodiles. These were housed in steel tanks pending the construction of a large concrete pen containing a pool, sandbanks and big trees capable of shading the area. By the time the first two creatures were released from their tanks into the pool, there were others awaiting transportation from the base camp to Livingstone.

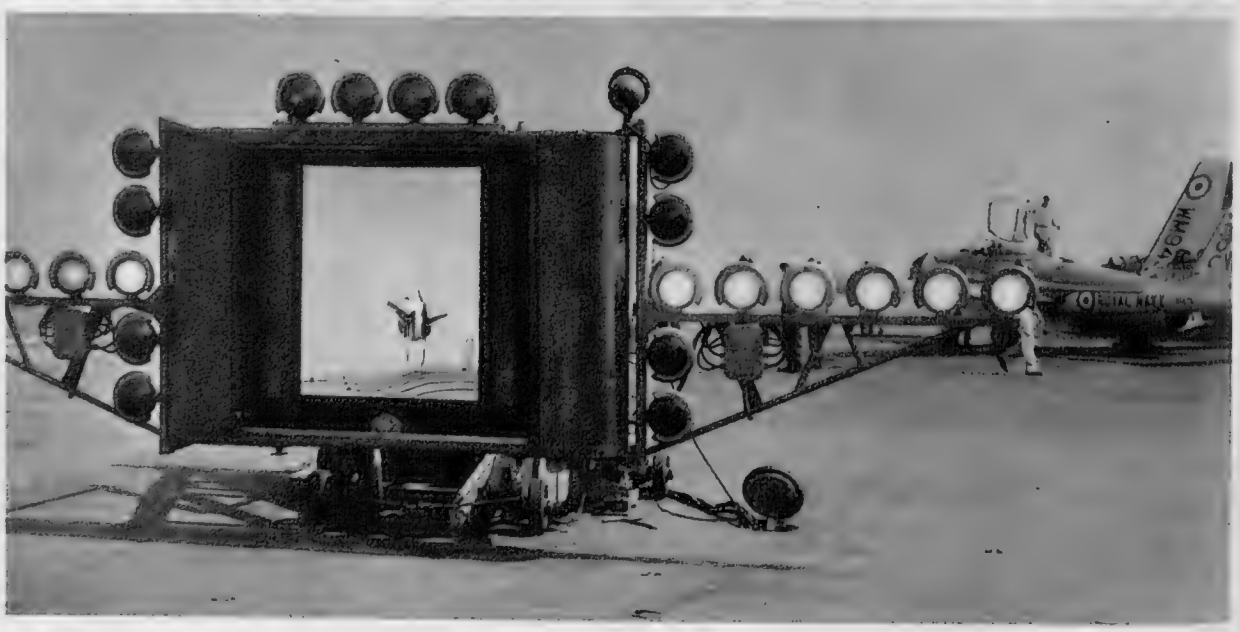
The crocodiles were caught by snare or in pits dug near the river banks, and then lassoed over their snouts and bound by ropes. It was soon noticed that once the huge, tremendously strong and savage creatures were blindfolded they became quite docile and were easier to handle. Canoes were used to carry each crocodile to the main camp in the swamp area before being taken by primitive sleigh, drawn by oxen, to the main river. There they were loaded into boats, two or even three at a time, and taken down the Zambesi River to a tiny village, Mambova (after which the Zambesi is impassable to river traffic owing to the many rapids in the area). From Mambova the crocodiles had a 40-mile ride by lorry into Livingstone, where they waited for their final journey to America. When the time came for their transportation across the sea, they were enticed from the pool and placed into large tanks.

The original party of two hunters was soon joined by many other adventurous young men, all in their early twenties, as well as by Africans who, until then, had treated the crocodile with very great respect as a natural enemy. As they became acclimatised in the pool, where their number was increased week by week, the crocodiles appeared to grow accustomed to their captors, and before they left for America would even feed out of the hands of the men who had handled them for so long.

THE BRITISH NAVAL AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "ARK ROYAL" MAKES HER FIRST APPEARANCE IN NEW YORK HARBOUR: The 36,000-ton aircraft-carrier, with Seahawk jet aircraft lined up on her flight-deck, calls at New York after taking part in the International Navy Review, off Norfolk, Virginia. Ships of eighteen nations took part in the review, which formed part of the celebrations of the Jamestown Festival. It was the largest international naval review ever held in American waters, and consisted of more than 100 warships. The contingent from Britain was led by the aircraft-carrier *Ark Royal*, with the two Fleet Escorts *Duchess* and *Diamond*. After assembling at Norfolk the warships steamed to Hampton Roads, where they formed up in two long columns stretching for about 14 miles. The review was taken by Mr. Wilson, the Secretary of Defence, who was on board the U.S.S. *Canberra*, one of the guided-missile cruisers. As the ship, which was accompanied by another guided-missile vessel, the U.S.S. *Boston*, and the Tactical Command ship *Northampton*, sailed past the vast assembly, cheers rang out from the ships' companies.

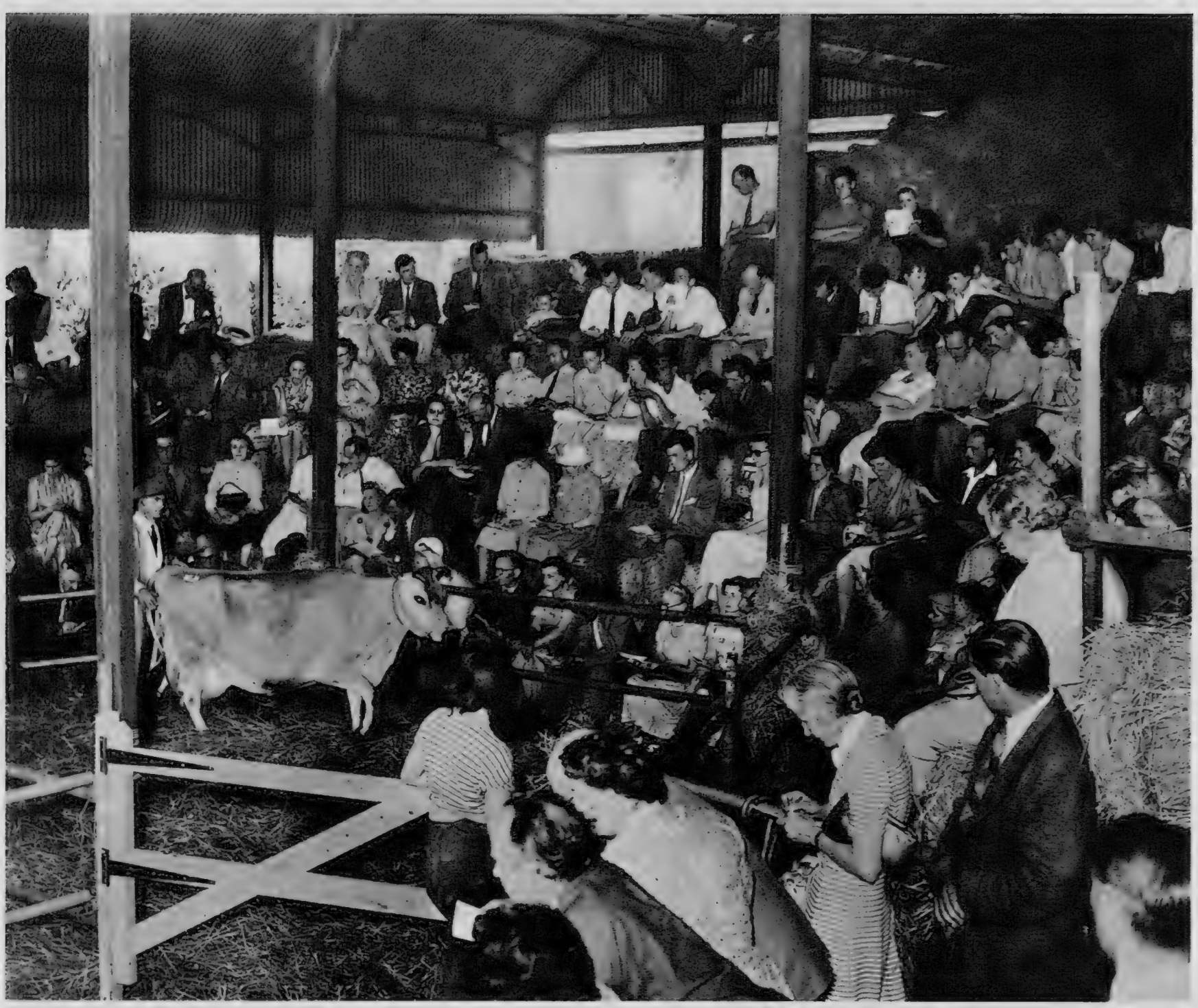
"ARK ROYAL" CALLS AT NEW YORK

The British Aircraft-Carrier Visited the U.S. City for Two Days After Taking Part in the International Naval Review



On right—

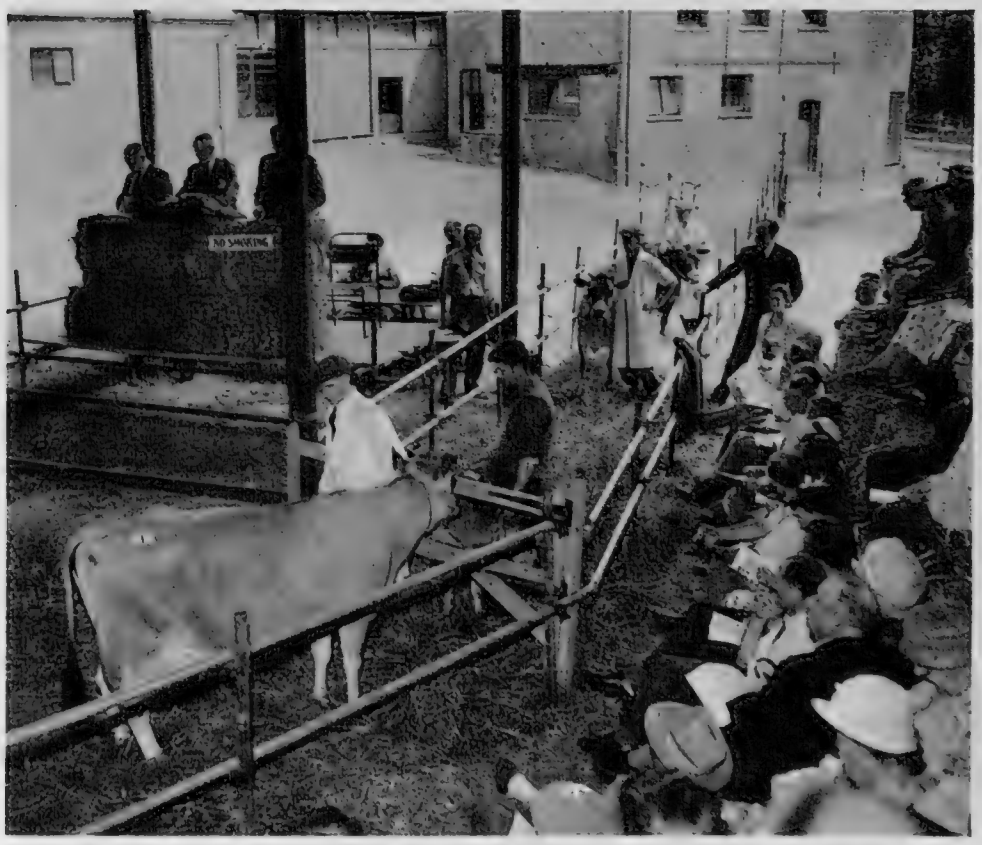
MIRROR AID FOR LANDING AND TAKING OFF: A British Fairey Gannet aircraft is clearly reflected in the mirror section of the landing system installed on board the United States aircraft-carrier U.S.S. *Saratoga*. The aircraft was taking part in exchange operations which were conducted between British and American aircraft-carriers. *On right (above)*—A British Sea Venom night-fighter aircraft is about to be catapulted from the flight-deck of U.S.S. *Saratoga* for a return flight to the British Navy's aircraft-carrier H.M.S. *Ark Royal*.



A CHAMPION JERSEY COW COMES UNDER THE HAMMER: Cobhambury Idaho stands in the pen in the Dutch barn at Chartwell Farm, in Kent, surrounded by possible purchasers sitting on bales of straw. The six-year-old cow, twice winner of the Gold Medal and holder of the Order of Merit of the Jersey Society, fetched 300 guineas. This was the highest price paid at the sale of Sir Winston Churchill's famous Chartwell herd of attested Jersey cattle, which was the first stage in the break-up of his farm near Westerham. In two hours, thirty-eight cows and heifers, nine calves and two bulls were sold for a total of £3,750. Sir Winston and Lady Churchill were not present when the auctioneer, Mr. Harry Hobson, of London, opened the proceedings by saying, "We meet here as the guests of the greatest Briton of our time." The herd was started by Sir Winston in 1946 and, according to Mr. Hobson, had developed into one of the heaviest milkers in the breed. A justification of the breeding policies adopted in the herd was seen in the interest taken in the calves and the demand for them. The auction at Chartwell was the first of a series to be held during the coming months as a result of Sir Winston Churchill's decision to give up farming.

SIR WINSTON SELLS HIS HERD

The Auction of Jersey Cattle at the Churchill Farm in Kent



REPRESENTING THE FAMILY: Captain Soames, M.P., Sir Winston's son-in-law, who managed the farm, and his wife (formerly Miss Mary Churchill), watch the sale. *On left*—They are at the end of the front row in the barn converted into a temporary auction room at Chartwell Farm.

OFF TO SPAIN : Seven yachts set out from Newport, Rhode Island, in the United States, for the race to Spain. The yachts, from the left, are *Alphard, Carina, Kay, Figaro, Hamburg VI* (nearest camera), *Criollo* (towards the background) and *White Mist*. The yacht seen astern of *Criollo* was not taking part in the race. *White Mist* had to return and recross the line as she had beaten the gun at the start.

SAIL AND POWER

Yachting Events in Three Countries ; Launching Italy's Biggest Tanker, and a new Freighter Built in France

On left—

A NEW FREIGHTER IS LAUNCHED IN MARSEILLES : The 8,300-ton freighter *Si-Kian* enters the water during her launching ceremony at Marseilles, in France. She has been built by the Chantiers Navals de la Ciotat and will sail for the Messageries Maritimes. By using prefabricated units of up to 100 tons, the builders have succeeded in attaining an exceptionally fast pace of construction. They hope to launch another cargo-vessel similar to *Si-Kian* at the beginning of next month.

THE BIGGEST TANKER EVER BUILT IN ITALY IS LAUNCHED AT GENOA : The 52,000-ton tanker *Agrigentum* is seen taking the water at the Sestri Ponente Ansaldo shipyard, near Genoa, after being named by Signora Gronchi, wife of the President of Italy. The tanker has been built for the Petroleum Transport Company of Palermo, Sicily, and is the first of six designed for carrying oil from the Middle East. She has a length of 817 ft., is 105 ft. wide and will have a speed of 17 knots. The *Agrigentum's* crew will consist of nineteen officers and thirty-two men, and she will be equipped with a swimming-pool, an unusual feature for a tanker.

YACHTING AT A SOUTH DEVON RESORT: In bright sunshine at Torquay, competitors prepare their craft for the first race in the 14-ft. Merlin-Rockets dinghy championships. Seventy-six dinghies took part in the race, which was won by *Crew Cut*, with John Oakeley at the helm, and her owner, A. E. Cox, crewing. Oakeley was the winner of the championship last year at Whitstable.

NEW ROYAL YACHT MAKES HER MAIDEN VOYAGE: *De Groene Draeck*, which has been given to Princess Beatrix as an eighteenth-birthday present from the people of the Netherlands, casts off from Muiden for her first trip. The yacht, launched at Amsterdam a few weeks ago, had just been officially handed over to the Princess. The handing-over ceremony was watched by a big crowd gathered on many gaily-decorated craft along the harbour. *Right*—The new yacht sails past a line of other craft as she leaves the harbour. She is followed by the Dutch Royal Family's steam yacht, *Piet Hein*, with Queen Juliana, Prince Bernhard and the Princess's sisters on board.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE ROYAL VISIT: *Cutty Sark*, restored to her original condition, lies in her dry-dock at Greenwich. Both on her deck and in the gardens around her the final touches were being put for the visit of the Queen, who was to perform the opening ceremony last Tuesday. The famous clipper is now a permanent memorial to the Merchant Navy.

"CUTTY SARK" READY FOR THE QUEEN

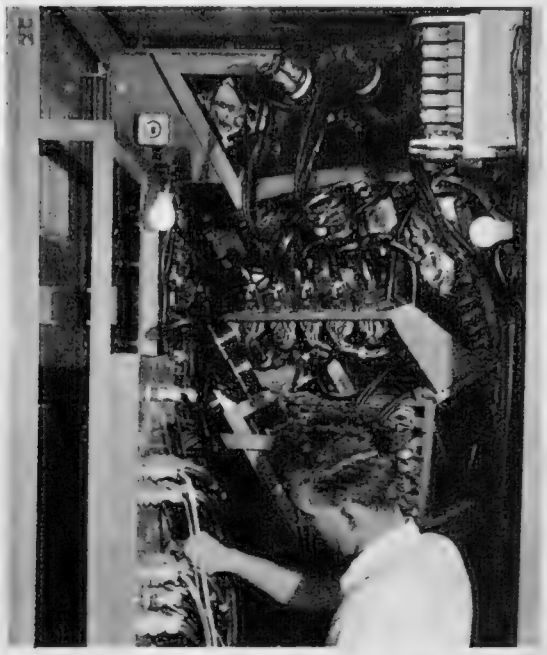
Final Touches Before the Ceremony at Greenwich

The Queen and Prince Philip, who is Patron of the *Cutty Sark* Society, were due at Greenwich last Tuesday for the opening by Her Majesty of the restored and refitted clipper. Much research has been undertaken into the famous old ship's original lines, and she now looks, as far as it is possible for human hands to make her, as she did in her great period of renown in the latter part of the last century. Masts, rigging and all the complexity of sailing gear are true in their detail, although certain modern materials, such as steel and Terylene, have sometimes been employed. Around her berth in the dry-dock is a garden of paved steps, flower-beds and trees laid out by the London County Council. From last Wednesday *Cutty Sark* has been open to the public.

STERN AND BOWS OF THE FAMOUS CLIPPER: The two pictures give a clear idea of the close attention to detail which has been paid in the restoration of *Cutty Sark*. With her prow facing the Thames, she looks to-day much as she did when she was at the height of her great career, establishing many remarkable records in the Australia-England grain races in the latter half of the last century.

A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas

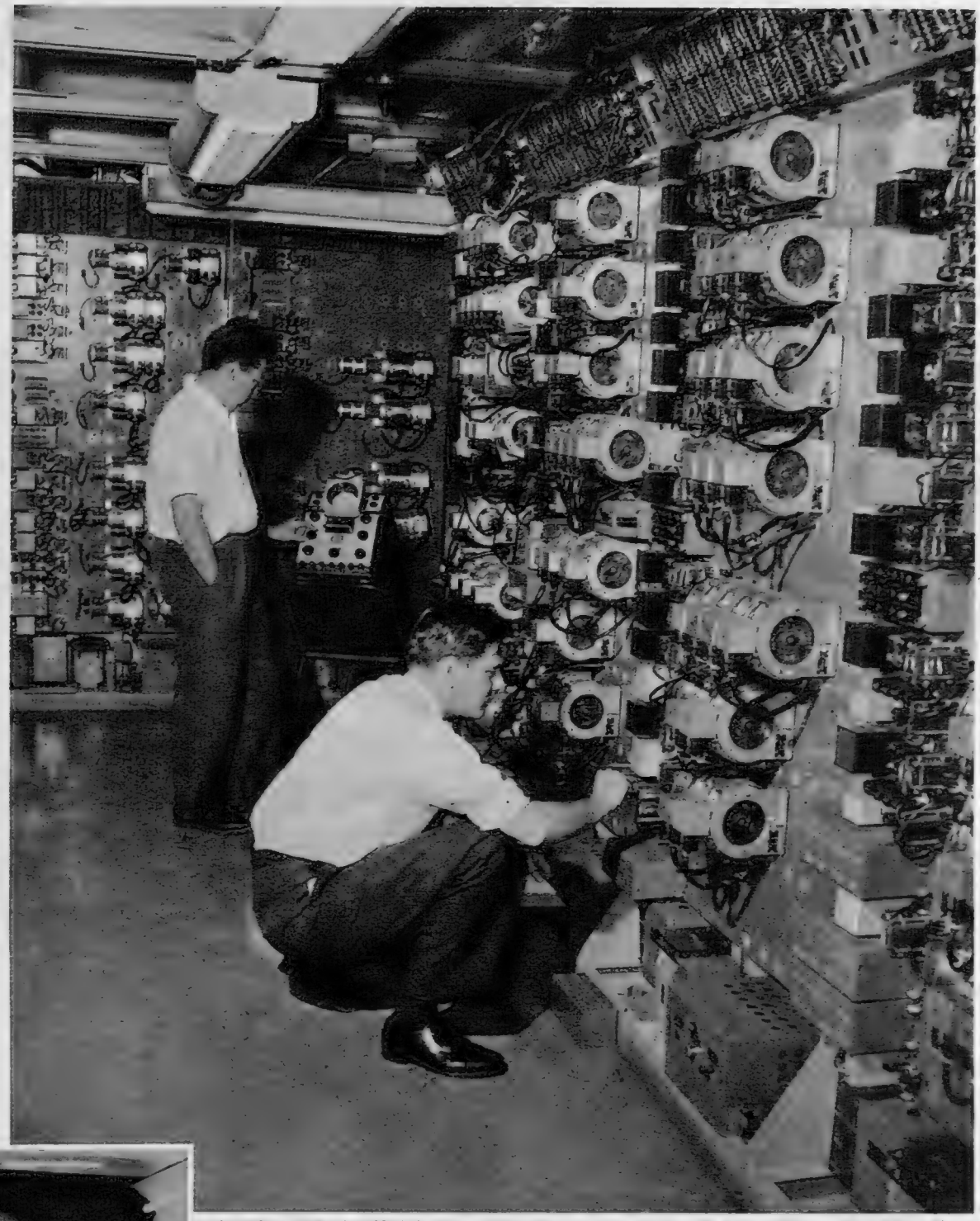
PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING



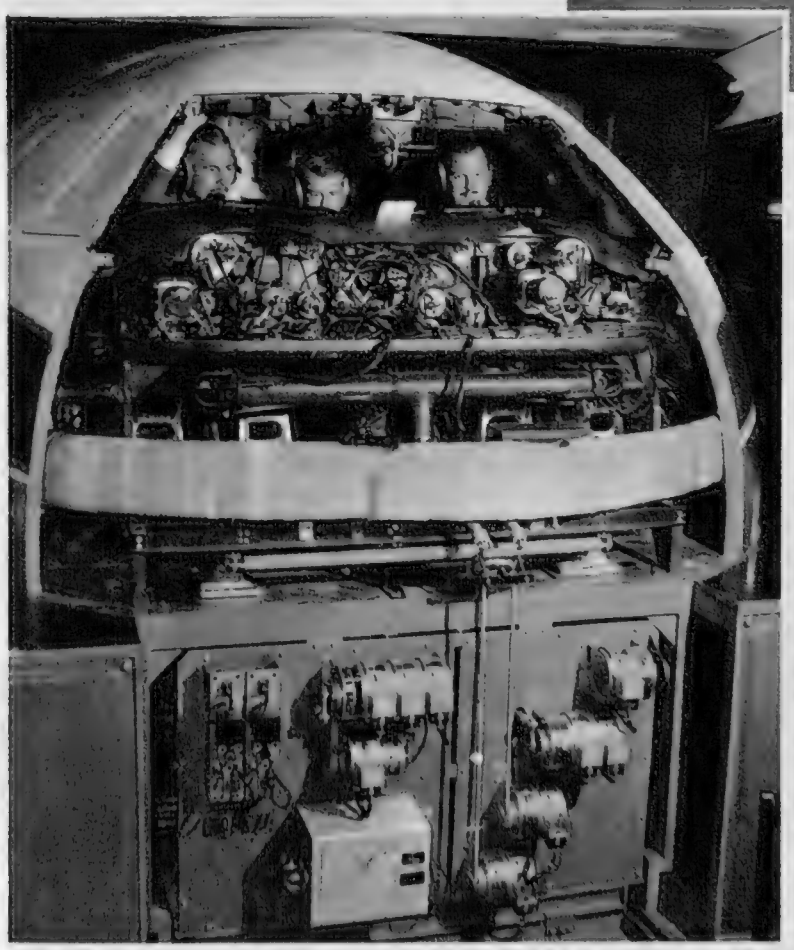
RADIO AIDS IN A NEW SIMULATOR: An operator plugs in to connect the radio aids in the computor of B.O.A.C.'s Britannia Flight Simulator at London Airport for aircrew training on the ground.

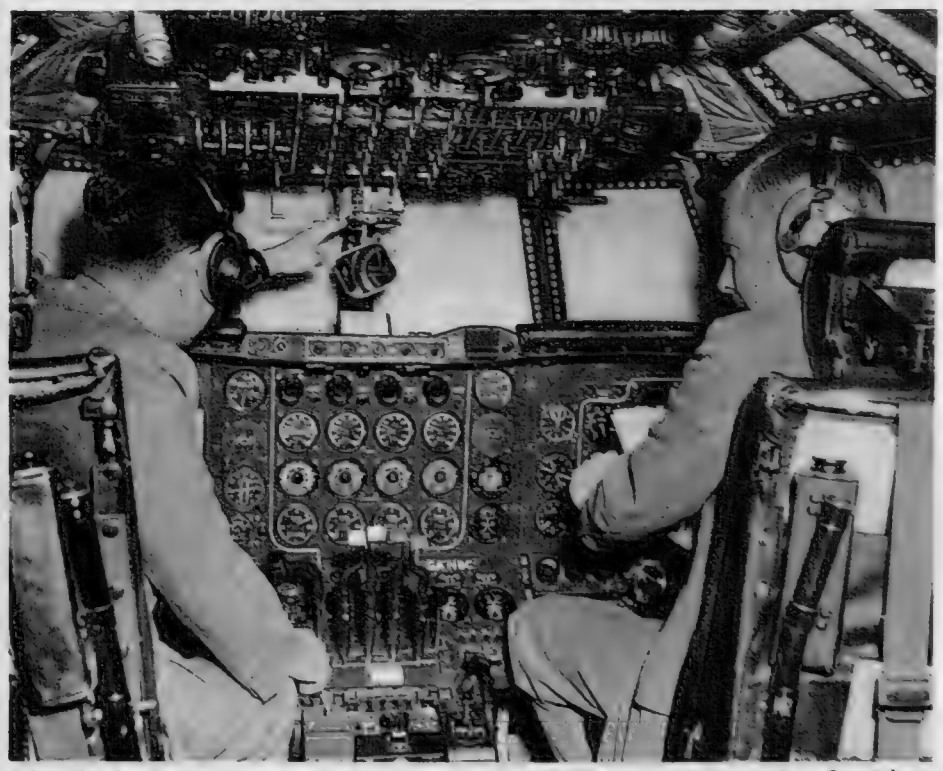
TRAINING PILOTS ON THE GROUND

Considerable saving in pilot training costs is now being achieved by the British Overseas Airways Corporation through the introduction of a Britannia airliner flight simulator. It has been installed at the Corporation's headquarters building at London Airport. This device has been built by Redifon, a large manufacturer of flight simulators, and it enables the Corporation to train crews fully in all aspects of the flying of the Britannia aircraft without leaving the ground. The total cost of flying an aircraft for one hour for training purposes would be in the region of £300. This figure includes the fuel and oil, the landing fees, salaries, depreciation and the insurance. By the use of the flight simulator, however, crews can now be trained at about one-twentieth of the cost, which is £15 an hour. There are other considerable advantages to be gained by the use of flight simulators. They enable the training programmes to be more concentrated and involve no loss of revenue-earning capacity to an airline through having to take an aircraft off the routes for training purposes. The Britannia simulator is electronically operated and is capable of putting the members of the crew under training through all the possible flying conditions and problems that are likely to occur during a flight.



CHECKING THE "BRAINS": Two technicians are seen checking the "brains" of the flight simulator. This machine, which has been built to represent the flight-deck of a medium range Britannia aircraft, costs approximately £250,000 with the electrical equipment.





AT THE CONTROLS: *Left*—The nose has been removed in this front view of the Britannia simulator and three of the trainee pilots can be seen at the controls. *On right*—Captain Robert Armitage (left) and First Officer Jack Barber (right) are making a field approach check prior to a run-down during a refresher flight on the simulator. B.O.A.C. decided to introduce a model of the flight-deck of a Britannia to train their aircrews because of the high costs of flying such an aircraft.

THE NEW BRIDGE TO SPAN THE TRENT

The view by Aerofilms is of the new Clifton bridge which is being built over the River Trent, near Nottingham, to relieve traffic congestion on the existing bridge 1½ miles away. It will be the largest prestressed concrete bridge in Great Britain and will have a central span of 275 ft. with an overall width of 46 ft. 3 ins. Prestressed concrete spans on both banks of the river will carry the road over the low-lying land and over the existing Clifton Lane, which is seen on the left. As the new bridge is intended to form part of a dual carriageway trunk road, there are plans for another bridge to be built immediately alongside to complete the scheme.

Clifton bridge, which is expected to be completed next year, is being constructed for the City of Nottingham, whose engineer is Mr. R. M. Finch, by James Miller and Partners, Ltd. The Consulting Engineers for the main span are R. Travers Morgan and Partners.

THE COMPLETION OF JAPAN'S NEW DAM

The Oguchi Dam, near Tokyo, which was opened earlier this month, will be the means of supplying water to 1,200,000 people of the Japanese capital. The reservoir which is now being formed behind the dam is claimed to be the largest in the world. It will form a lake 25 miles round and plans are being made to harness the overflow and generate electricity at various points. The construction of the 447-ft. high dam was started long before the Second World War and cost £23,000,000. It contains more than 1,500,000 tons of cement.

DUAL CARRIAGEWAYS IN BERLIN

Guiding planks, made of metal or concrete, are being tested on a road through the Tiergarten, in West Berlin, to divide the thoroughfare into a dual carriageway. If the tests are successful, guiding planks will be built on West Berlin and West German highways. Away in the background is the Victory Column.

OFF TO A GOOD START: Eleven Merlin Rocket sailing dinghies get under way in the Spade Oak Bowl race, which was one of the events in the Upper Thames Sailing Club's Bourne End Week held on a stretch of the Thames at Bourne End, in Buckinghamshire. The race was won by *Marilyn M.*, with *Imshi* in second place and *Escapade* finishing third.

PASSING IN MID-STREAM: Two winners pass in mid-stream. On left is the Firefly craft *Baby Cham* which won the Measurer's Cup race. On right is the 12-ft. National dinghy *Little Jean*, winner of the Fury Challenge Cup.

SAILING at BOURNE END

The Upper Thames Sailing Club Holds its "Bourne End Week"

On left—

ANOTHER WINNING DINGHY: The two-man crew of R. Hardman and A. Sly in their International 14-ft. dinghy *Tiercel*, which they sailed to victory in the Scott-Freeman Challenge Cup. The race was held over a course of approximately six miles.

TACKING ACROSS THE RIVER: *On left*—Two "A" Class Raters, *Caprice* (No. 9) and *Dainty Too* (No. 11), make a pretty picture as they cross the river at Bourne End during the race for the Championship Cup. *Above*—A general view of the Merlin Rocket dinghies sailing in the race for the Spade Oak Bowl.

MIXED WEATHER FOR THE OPENING DAY OF ROYAL ASCOT: Racegoers crowd under one of the stands to shelter from a sudden shower of rain on the first day of the meeting. A short while earlier the meeting had opened in brilliant sunshine.

HOT-WEATHER UNIFORM: The police-constable and policewoman have removed their jackets during their spell of duty near the racecourse. *On right*—Mr. M. A. Collins, of North London, arrives at the Berkshire course with his four-and-a-half-year-old niece, Susan Baynes-Ride, for the Gold Cup meeting.

SUN AND RAIN AT ROYAL ASCOT

But Brilliant June Weather Predominates at the Races

The brilliant June weather which had held throughout the glorious spectacles of Trooping the Colour in London, and the Garter ceremony at Windsor, continued for most of the Royal Ascot Meeting. On the first day, however, the weather did break for a short time and rain began falling just before the start of the third race. Many of the racegoers had arrived without umbrellas and had to run for shelter. As a precautionary measure spectators were warned not to touch the rails—a reminder of a former meeting when the course was struck by lightning. Earlier in the day there had been brilliant sunshine as the Queen and other members of the Royal Family, together with the guests staying at Windsor Castle, had taken part in the first of the traditional daily carriage processions along the course to the Royal Box and enclosure. During the mornings before racing began, the Queen, Princes Margaret and others went out riding on and near the course.

As usual, the meeting was well patronised despite lower attendance figures on the second and third days. When compared with last year there were more than a thousand fewer racegoers on each of the two days. There were two winners for the Queen during the meeting. The first was on the second day when her Alycidon filly, Almeria, won the Ribblesdale Stakes; the second victory followed on the next day when Pall Mall triumphed in the New Stakes. On the third day the Gold Cup was won by Mr. T. J. S. Gray's Zarathustra, who now goes to stud.

On left—
OUTSIDE THE OWNERS' AND TRAINERS' ENCLOSURE: Beyond the group in the foreground is the French fashion model, Bettina, who is seen waiting outside the enclosure. While she waited outside Aly Khan was arranging for her pass to go inside.

CONTRASTS IN THE WEATHER AT THE ROYAL ASCOT MEETING: *Left*—The crowds scatter in the Paddock as the rain begins to fall just before the third race on the first day. Owing to the prevailing heat-wave, many of the racegoers had arrived at the meeting without umbrellas. *Right*—A view of the Royal Enclosure, showing a section of the elegantly-dressed racegoers who are part of the traditional Ascot scene. After the sudden shower on the previous day many of those present are prepared for rain.

A SECOND VICTORY FOR THE QUEEN: Her Majesty, with Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Duchess of Gloucester and Prince Philip, are seen in the Paddock before the start of the New Stakes on the third day of the meeting. The race was won by the Queen's horse Pall Mall, with Lord Manton's Troubadour second. When the Queen returned to the Paddock after the race, she was accompanied by the Duke of Norfolk, a Steward of the meeting. Her Majesty's first win was on the second day.

FIFTY YEARS AT BROOKLANDS

The Now Disused Motor-Racing Circuit in Surrey is 50 Years Old; and Other Recent Events and Items of Interest in the Motoring World

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

WHAT remains of the famous Brooklands motor-racing circuit is fifty years old. Next Saturday the track's golden jubilee will be celebrated by a party in the old paddock. There will be nearly 1,000 guests and a big memorial is to be unveiled: 31 ft. long and 14 ft. high, it stands near the start of what was once the Railway Straight, along which racing drivers roared after whizzing round the Home Banking. In letters and figures 2 ft. high, big enough to be read by train passengers on the London-Portsmouth line, will be the legend: "Brooklands, 1907-1939." For 1939 was when the track was last used.

During the war Vickers-Armstrongs, the aircraft manufacturers, built hangars and store sheds on different parts of the track to speed the production of Wellington bombers. Most of them still remain. Other parts of the track are littered with the discarded jigs in which Vikings and other aircraft types were built. There are tall trees and big bushes growing out through the concrete in other places. On the old Byfleet banking a big gap was cut to allow Vickers-Armstrongs to extend their runway so that the jet-engined Valiants could be flown away on their test flights.

The aircraft firm now owns the land on which the late Mr. H. F. Locke King so enterprisingly built the world's first real motor-racing track. That is why Vickers-Armstrongs will be the hosts at Saturday's party. The track, alas, will never more be used as such. The site is too valuable to Vickers for their work on aircraft and guided missiles. It would, in any case, cost too much to put the track into proper order.

The Brooklands track, just outside the Surrey town of Weybridge, played a vital part in British motor-racing—for motor-cycles as well as cars. Many speed and endurance records were set up on its 3¼-mile track, steeply banked at both ends and with a separate finishing straight more than half a mile long. Brooklands can be described as the cradle of the British motor industry, just as it was also the cradle of British aviation.

The guests at next Saturday's birthday party will not be restricted to the men who raced there, officials of the clubs which organised the Brooklands meetings and the mechanics who tuned the racing cars. There will also be representatives of the Royal Aero Club and of the old Brooklands Flying Club, whose activities flourished alongside the motor-racing and who taught many famous airmen to fly.

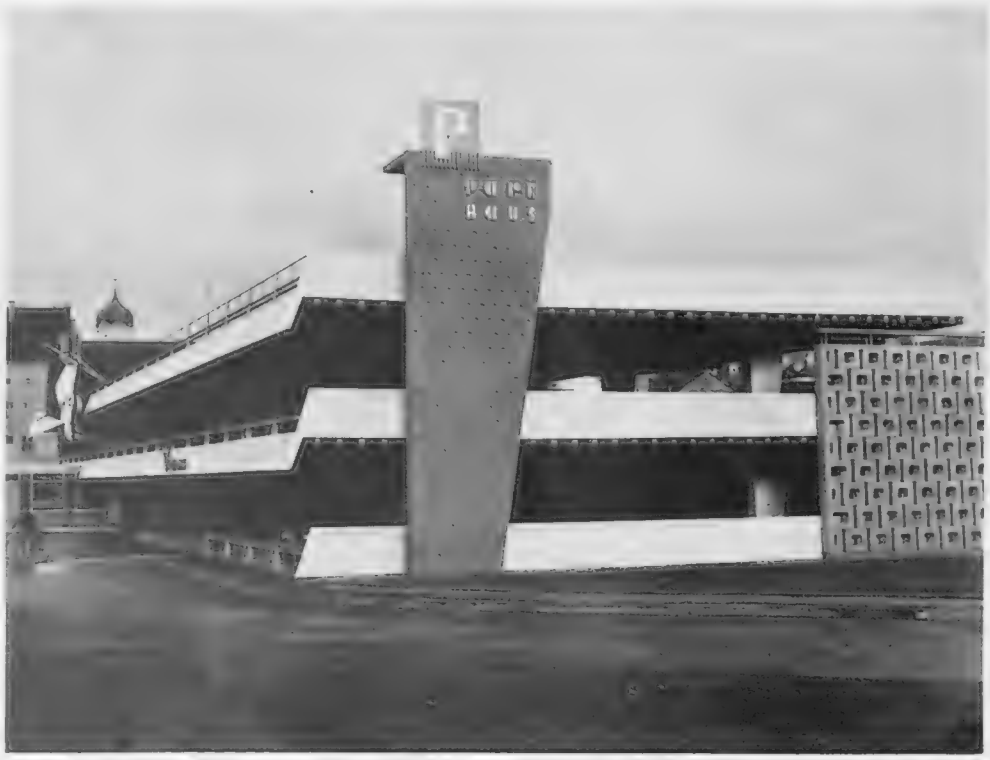
As the guests at the Brooklands party talk nostalgically of the good old days and of the contribution made by the track to the development of the family car, they will also be tempted to discuss, perhaps, a recent interesting decision by the U.S. Automobile Manufacturers' Association. At a meeting in Detroit they agreed to place less emphasis on speed and engine power in advertising their models. They also decided to recommend their members to take no part in any forms of motor-sport. This means, presumably, that Ford and General Motors will now disband the racing organisations they set up not long ago to demonstrate respectively the potency of their Thunderbird and Corvette sports cars.

There has certainly been a senseless "horse-power race" in the U.S., with fantastic rival claims for power output and top speeds. Public opinion in America has begun to be critical of this form of salesmanship at a time when road accidents are assuming very serious proportions. The manufacturers have been accused of paying too little attention to the safety factors in car design. This is probably untrue, and it could perhaps be argued that increasing maximum speeds have forced the car builders to pay more attention to such things as brakes and suspension.

In Britain there has been no horse-power race in any way comparable to that in the U.S., but concern has been publicly expressed at the growing numbers of relatively low-priced cars capable of 100 m.p.h. or more and which can be driven by anyone on L-plates. Sports cars form a large proportion of all British cars sold in the U.S., and I expect the British firms will not hesitate to go on advertising the speed of which their cars are capable—in spite of the U.S. manufacturers' decision. Their models have steering, braking and suspension systems to match their speed.

The new Vauxhall Victor, which I recently drove for several hundreds of miles, is a compact four-seater of modern appearance, lively performance and reasonable fuel economy. It is a good family car, and one that women drivers will find easy to drive, especially now the three-speed gear-box has synchromesh on all ratios. The steering column gear-change lever on the model I tried was a bit on the stiff side, but I should imagine this was due to the car's newness and would wear off in time.

I did not get on very well with the handbrake, in using which a combined twisting and pulling action has to be employed. You have to reach out and lean forward to get at it under the facia. The 4-cylinder, 1½-litre "square" engine is quiet at all but the fastest speeds and there is a good top-gear performance. I liked the steering and found nothing wrong with the brakes, but had no chance to test them in mountainous country. I would not say the new Victor is my favourite car from the point of view of good looks, though I am prepared to admit its faintly transatlantic lines are likely to have a wide appeal.



THE MOST UP-TO-DATE PARKING CENTRE IN GERMANY: The new building, which has a basement, ground floor and two upper storeys, is situated in the centre of the town of Augsburg. If more space is required two more floors can be added to the building.

Vauxhall Motors have recently announced price increases and the Victor now costs £748 7s., tax included. The de luxe model—the Victor Super—sells for £781 7s. and is worth the extra.

They have also announced a new engine for their 6-cylinder Velox and Cresta models. It is being fitted to all their 2¼-litre cars for no extra charge. In basic design it is the new Victor engine with two extra cylinders, bore and stroke being the same. The new engine gives 14 per cent. more urge, the b.h.p. being 82.5. Vauxhalls claim an exceptionally long life for this short-stroke engine and say that a rebore should be unnecessary, however long it remains in use.

Another refinement announced for the 6-cylinder Vauxhalls is synchromesh for the bottom gear, as on the Victor. They obviously couldn't let the little new car get away with that sort of thing!

Patrolettes are the latest R.A.C. idea for expanding their service to motorists. They are intelligent, attractive young ladies in uniform and they have been given charge of mobile offices which the Club is pleased to call "Bambis."

The caravans, well equipped with guide books, maps and many different works of reference, will tour seaside resorts and beauty spots. The young ladies will do their best to answer any questions by R.A.C. members. They cannot undertake mechanical repairs or adjustments. At first the "Bambis" will concentrate on the resorts in South-East England, including Margate, Ramsgate, Dover, Folkestone, Southend and Clacton. First of the patrolettes are Miss Joyce Goss, of Wembley Park, N.W. 9; Miss Dorothy Oakes, of Warrington, Lancs, and Miss Ann Hunt, of Cheam, Surrey.

A Borgward Isabella TS de luxe recently gave me some very pleasant motoring in a type of car which I place in a class of its own. This product of a German car-manufacturing group which ranked fourth in output last year among Germany's Big Six, is a two-door saloon with a 4-cylinder overhead valve engine which tries to convince you that it is more than its humble 1,500 c.c.

It does, in fact, produce 60 b.h.p. at 4,700 r.p.m., the bore being 75 mm. and the stroke 84.5 mm. Top speed is around 100 m.p.h., but it is the car's overall liveliness which impresses most. Independent springing at the back, with swing axles and coil springs, imparts a touch of luxury to the suspension and gives the Isabella an agreeable steadiness on corners taken fast.

It is a well-built car, with plenty of room inside and doors which open and shut with a noiseless precision. The seats, upholstered in high-quality hide, are very comfortable and can easily be made to tilt right back for complete repose, though, in the case of the driver, it is to be hoped he stops the car before pressing the little lever! Import duty and purchase tax inflate the retail price of the de luxe TS in Britain to £1,463 17s. It is a car for the connoisseur.

I have just had a new Radiomobile set fitted to my new car, and I am impressed by the design improvements that have taken place since I last had a car radio of my own. I now have a little handle under the dash which winds the aerial up and down. I used to have to stretch my arm through the window (if the car was in motion) and pull my old aerial up by hand.

Twin speakers (one under the dash, the other behind the rear seat) have a simple control which turns either of them on or off or permits a "balanced" volume from both simultaneously. I find I can hear better than with my old set when travelling fast. Another improvement is in the method of "pre-selecting" the stations for subsequent tuning by press-button control.

I still think that the biggest service rendered to the motorist by car radio is in offering a programme of background music. A radio man agreed with me when I put the point to him, but he said the B.B.C. devotes so little of its time to light music and records that it chiefly accounts for the relatively small percentage of radio-equipped cars in Britain. There are proportionately many more in other countries with big car populations.

Tailpiece.—Land-Rovers can now be bought with either a petrol or diesel engine. The Rover Company has designed its own 2-litre diesel engine, offering a 50 per cent. improvement in fuel economy. Diesel-engined Land-Rovers cost £100 more than those with petrol units.

R.A.C. EXPAND THEIR SERVICES TO MOTORISTS: Miss Joyce Goss is operating the "Bambi" service in the Kent area. The caravan is equipped with guide books, maps and other works of reference.

Nearer and clearer

There's a touch of magic about possessing a pair of Ross binoculars. It's not only the way they transform and enhance the enjoyment of every sporting event but there's the very real pleasure which comes from handling a beautifully-made optical instrument and—dare we say it?—a sort of sly satisfaction as you feel the approving and envious glances of your fellow spectators. More than a dozen different models include the new 9 x 35 Solaross binocular illustrated below costing less than £20 and two models specially made for spectacle-wearers. There are suitable Ross binoculars for every outdoor activity, from steeplechasing to motor racing, and Ross dealers in every town to help you choose the best model for your needs. If you would like to know more about binoculars, visit your nearest dealer, or write to us for a copy of "How to Choose and Use Binoculars."

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The World of Books: By VERNON FANE

REPORTS FROM PARIS

Janet Flanner's Letters to the "New Yorker"; Russia To-day and Yesterday; Arabia and the Netherlands; Unsolved Puzzles; New Novels with Widely Differing Settings

MISS JANET FLANNER is a brilliant reporter, having been the Paris correspondent of the *New Yorker* for some years. In her weekly letters to her paper from Paris the reader finds her reports on politics, on art, on trends, on taxation, on books, theatre, films or philosophies. Now, in MEN AND MONUMENTS (Hamish Hamilton. 25s.), Miss Flanner writes with her customary blend of exact information, authority and personal glitter, about Braque, Matisse and Picasso, about "the remarkably multiple" André Malraux, and about the collections of stolen masterpieces that both Hitler and Goering accumulated. Some people will enjoy the book for its personalities and anecdotes, of which there are some highly diverting ones; others will appreciate it as a collection of masterly short biographies. In either case, it is an admirable piece of work and as entertaining as it is erudite.

The same might also be said of a very different book: Mr. Truman Capote's THE MUSES ARE HEARD (Heinemann. 13s. 6d.), in which the author has written an account of an American company playing Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess* to Russian audiences. Mr. Capote's own experience of the tour was an eight-day period between the departure from Berlin to the Leningrad first night, and he writes about this with a humorous candour and a very wide-awake perception of both sides of the scene. To sit in a summery garden and read about a trip to darkest Russia must be a good deal more comfortable than actually going there and, with Mr. Capote as the sharp-eyed, sophisticated guide, it must teach you at least as much.

In the Russia that this young American author describes there are no titles, no luxury and a fairly even spread of shortages. When Danish Princess Dagmar travelled to St. Petersburg in 1865 to marry the Tsarevitch she noticed the contrast between Romanoff pomp and the moujik's poverty to a startling degree, in the opinion of Mr. E. E. P. Tisdall, who has written a biography of the "Angel of Russia," THE DOWAGER EMPRESS (Stanley Paul. 18s.). Marie Fedorovna was Queen Alexandra's sister and mother of the last of the Tsars. She died in her native Denmark in 1928. Mr. Tisdall writes easily and agreeably of his subject and her spectacular life.

OPERA ROLE AT SHORT NOTICE: Miss Victoria Elliot has the final touches put to her costume before going on-stage at the Royal Opera House in London to sing Leonora in *Il Trovatore*. She had been summoned hurriedly from Oxford, where she was touring with the Sadler's Wells Company, to take the part in place of Miss Zinka Milanov, who was unwell.

The next two books are travel documentaries. Mr. Roderic Owen writes about the Arabian Gulf and the fabulous oil boom from his personal knowledge as one who has lived in the country, had friends among both the English and the Arabs, met the most prominent sheikhs, and even been appointed official poet to one. THE GOLDEN BUBBLE (Collins. 18s.) makes extremely topical reading and Mr. Owen's mastery of local conditions and international politics ensures its liveliness as much as its soundness. CROSSROADS OF THE ZUIDER ZEE (Arco. 18s.) is a guide to the Netherlands by Mr. Hendrik de Leeuw, who was born in Amsterdam and returned from America, where he now lives, to explore his native Holland and write of its charms, its strength and its people. A solid, workmanlike volume.

Mr. Eric Frank Russell's GREAT WORLD MYSTERIES (Dobson. 16s.) is of the type that can produce a chill on the most torrid day, for it treats of such recondite affairs as the *Marie Celeste*, the creeping coffins of Barbados, the mystery of levitation, the loss of the *Waratah*, and kindred unsolved puzzles. Perhaps its most unusual chapter is the one which deals with spontaneous combustion as it applies to human beings. Fun, in a ghoulish sort of way.

This week's list of novels takes us to many parts of the world. First I place THE MISSIONARIES (Macdonald. 13s. 6d.), a sober enough title for a story with considerable wit and verve, by Mr. Robin Jenkins. He is in a fair way to reaching the front rank of contemporary Scottish novelists. The scene is an island off the west coast, many years ago proclaimed a sanctuary by a famous saint and, at the time of Mr. Jenkins's invention, a beautiful place invaded by some bigoted sectarians, and something of a pain in the neck to its wealthy owner, to the official Kirk and to the Government. The author plays his variations on this theme with much lightness of touch and a nice sense of the proprieties.

TATTERED BATTALION (Cassell. 11s. 6d.), by Mr. Laurie Andrews, is a tale of the Burma campaign, evidently from one who took part in it. He has narrowed the focus till his plot is concerned only with a small group of men, serving in a mortar battery. From this microcosm Mr. Andrews succeeds in giving a picture of a typical small action by what was bitterly called "the Forgotten Army," and in enlisting the reader's interest and sympathy.

EAGLES' NEST (Peter Owen. 15s.) is a Kafka-like fantasy by Miss Anna Kavan and, from a moderately gloomy beginning, develops its theme of frustration and failure to an ending of truly appalling bleakness and misery. Nevertheless, Miss Kavan is demonstrably a writer of sensibility and even of distinction. It is a pity that it is so hard to like her neurotic central character.

THE BYSTANDER (Macdonald. 13s. 6d.) is by a very young and very gifted Australian writer, Mr. Randolph Stow. His novel is set in the farmlands of Western Australia and deals with an uncouth young man whose main talent is in the handling of birds and wild animals, and with an immigrant from the Baltic, young, pretty but emotionally embittered by her life. I found this moving, even poetic and, in every sense, adult.

Three stories from the United States continue the literary round-trip. Mr. Arthur Steuer's crisp, competent but somehow unpleasant study of life in a military academy is called THE TERRIBLE SWIFT SWORD (Secker and Warburg. 15s.). One is glad to know that it is by no means a picture of West Point, but of some establishment farther south. No lovable characters here, but a very clear impression of tension and Teutonic discipline in an adolescent world.

THE NIGHT OF THE TIGER (Longmans. 15s.) delves a little further back in time and moves some hundreds of miles to the west with its story of a Texan legend. Mr. Al Dewlen comes from the Lone Star State himself. He writes of one of its isolated communities during the '80's with authority and with a hearty kind of vigour.

A MOMENT OF WARMTH (Secker and Warburg. 18s.) is, as its title implies, a gentler affair altogether, but by no means an insipid one. Mr. F. Irby Gwaltney deals with the southern plains of Arkansas and a family who, even in this day and age, run a vast cotton plantation on near-feudal lines. If you recall his book, *The Day the Century Ended*, you will know that here is an author of distinction and imagination.

From Germany comes THE WORLD IS FULL OF DOORS (Hutchinson. 16s.), by Mr. Richard Kaufmann, a story of that country in its post-war state of efficiency and headlong progress masking the old scars and tragedies. Sensitively but forcefully he uses the dramatic and pitiful lives of a mother and daughter to illustrate his theme.

M. André Maurois and France are represented by a new translation of THE CLIMATES OF LOVE (James Barrie. 13s. 6d.), made by Violet Schiff and Esme Cook, and remarkably good it is, doing justice to this thirty-year-old success.

Mr. Herbert Zand is a young Austrian writer whose short but powerful novel, THE WELL OF HOPE (Collins. 12s. 6d.), has been translated by Mr. Norman Denny. The story is of an English test pilot who crashes in the desert, but survives after terrible experiences, to reach the oasis where his wife is waiting for him. Part mystical, part physical, Mr. Zand occasionally errs on the side of over-writing, but he genuinely has something to say and says it clearly enough.

We may often want to disbelieve or forget the darker pages of history, but the stark facts are indelible. What is true of Belsen or Auschwitz is true no less of the Spanish conquest of the New World. One wonders, perhaps, did Cortés ever have doubts at the end of the Mexican story? Did he remember the blood that was spilt, the Indians devoured by dogs, the gold grabbed from corpses, the slaves torn by the lash, and the ashes of Cuauhtemoc scattered in the forest? Did Pizarro remember what he had done among the Incas, who governed their subjects in such a fashion that among them there was neither a thief, nor a depraved man, nor an adulterous woman? These are sad and searching questions, and Jean Descola, a brilliant historian who has devoted his mind to the Spanish-American scene, avoids none of the major issues in THE CONQUISTADORS (Allen and Unwin. 30s.). He shows us how the great civilisations of Mexico and Peru crumbled before the advance of a few hundred Spaniards armed with a few cannons and lusting for gold. There are moments in this book when a fresh breeze blows amid the tragedy and degradation, as, for instance, in the account of the "mad feat" that led Diego de Ordaz and his companions to the summit of Popocatepetl, the sinister smoking mountain that rose to nearly 18,000 ft. and was regarded by the Mexicans as a god.

THE CONQUISTADORS

A Sombre Chapter of History

Repton, one of our greatest public schools and now celebrating the 400th anniversary of its foundation, is commemorating the occasion in several ways, and not least by the publication of a book which has a frontispiece of a picture of the Queen's visit in March 1957. REPTON (Batsford. 25s.) has been edited by Bernard Thomas and is a symposium of the school's life under a succession of notable headmasters. Mr. Thomas has managed to avoid the pitfalls that must inevitably beset such a project as this. His chronicle is often witty and sometimes positively sprightly. An important phase in the life of Repton was the long headship of Geoffrey Fisher (1914-32), now Archbishop of Canterbury. He led the school into one of its most prosperous periods and left behind him a record of integrity and common friendliness that abides in its atmosphere to this day. Need it be added that this is a book that Reptonians will treasure, and that the non-Reptonian can read with a great deal of profit and pleasure.

Underwater exploration is proving a fascinating but profoundly difficult task. Oceanographers, technicians in marine biology, the geophysicists who study the submarine floor, all work with admirable conscientiousness and enthusiasm. Despite the ingenuity of their apparatus they are working blindly, and often their deductions can be no more than approximate in so vast a terrain as the beds of the oceans of the world. Gilbert Doukan, a leading figure in French undersea activity, has written an admirable introductory work on this vast and challenging subject. He calls it THE WORLD BENEATH THE WAVES (Allen and Unwin. 30s.), and tells us in broad terms just what has been discovered to date about the sea's bed and about marine life at various levels. This is a work that is both fascinating and authoritative.

After fourteen years as a Regular Army officer, during which he fought in North Africa and as a guerrilla leader in North Korea, Ellery Anderson turned his vast energies southward. In 1954 he sailed for Hope Bay to take charge of a twelve-man base, whose objectives were the surveying of one of the least-known sectors of Antarctica. EXPEDITION SOUTH (Evans. 18s.) is the record of this enterprise. It is full of humour and human interest, and, as so many of these books do, reveals men working as a team amid the stresses and strains of Antarctic conditions.

Sir Basil Gould entered the Indian Civil Service in 1907. Four years later was staged the great Delhi Durbar and thirty-three years later the fourteenth Dalai Lama was installed at Lhasa. Between these two historic set pieces, both of which Sir Basil witnessed, he took part in thirty years of active and varied work as a political officer. THE JEWEL IN THE LOTUS (Chatto and Windus. 25s.) is his story, and, sad to relate, Sir Basil has not lived to see it through the press, for this is the account of a rich life.

The Connoisseur Period Guides to houses, decoration, furnishing and chattels of the classic periods first made their appearance in October 1956, with Vol I, *Tudor*, and Vol. IV, *Late Georgian*. Now follows Vol II, STUART (1603-1714), and Vol. III, EARLY GEORGIAN (1714-1760), both of which are published at the uniform price of 42s. Volumes V and VI will deal respectively with The Regency and the Early Victorian Period, thus completing a noteworthy series. The editors are Ralph Edwards and L. G. G. Ramsey.

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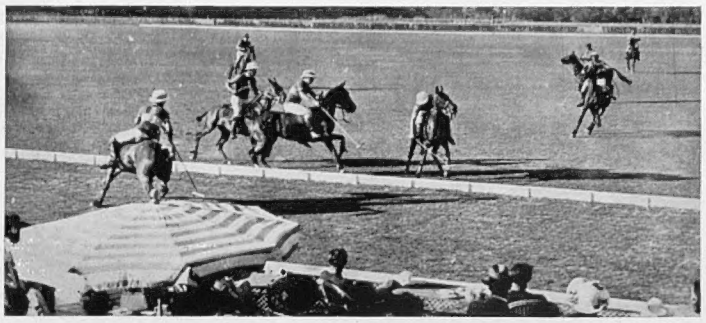

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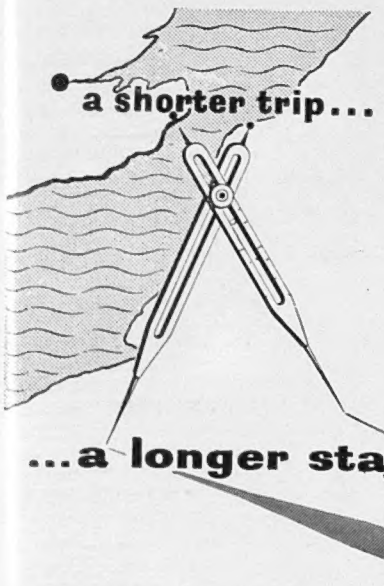

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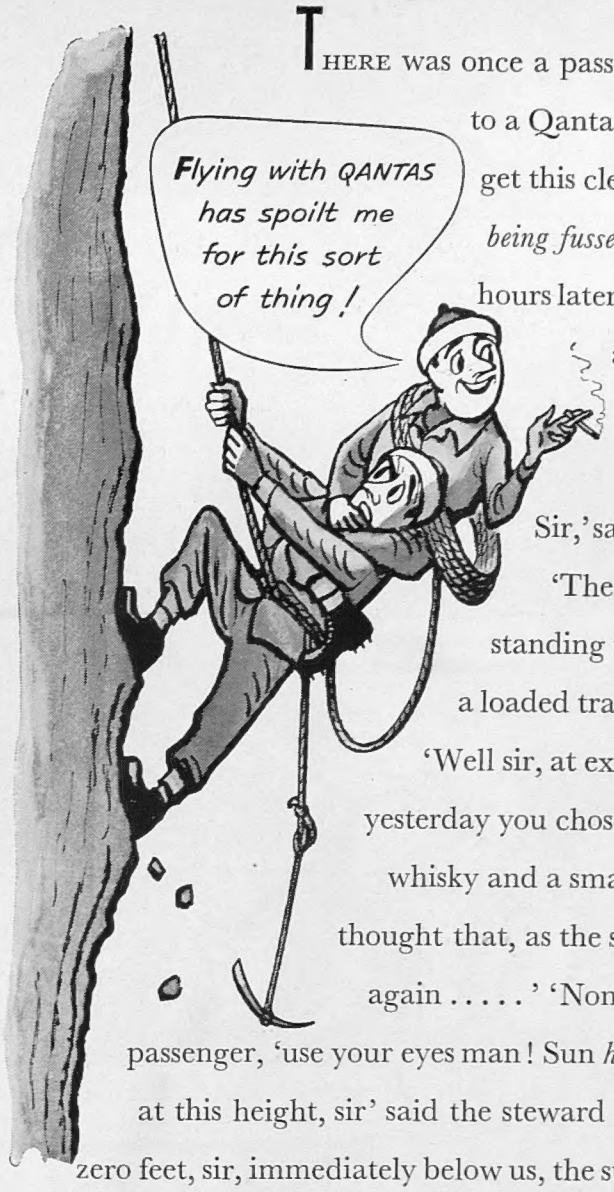

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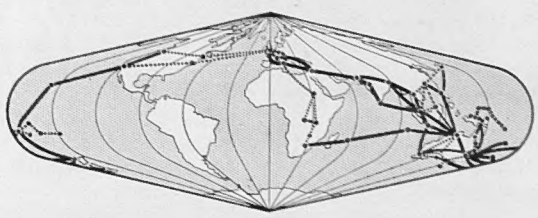

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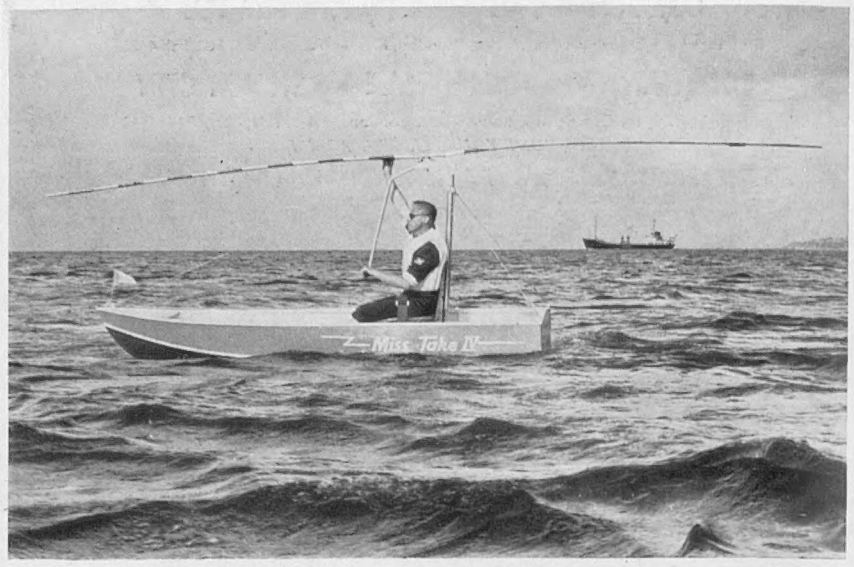
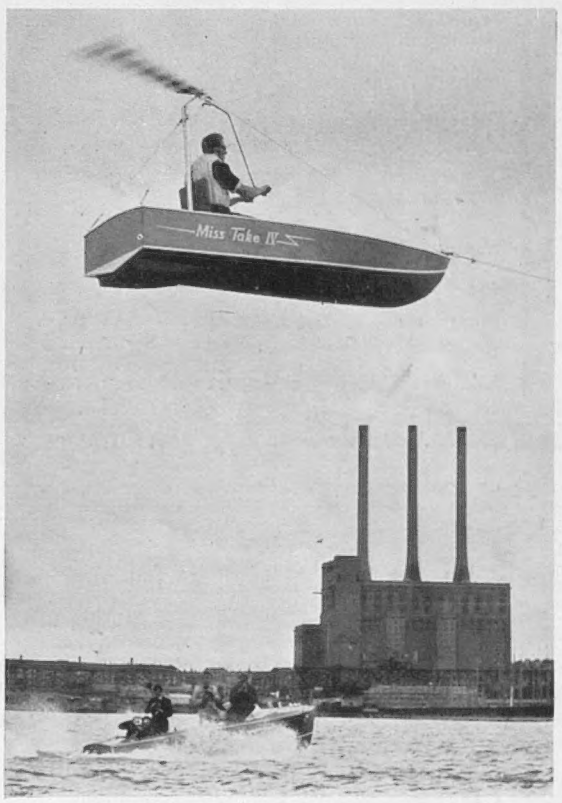
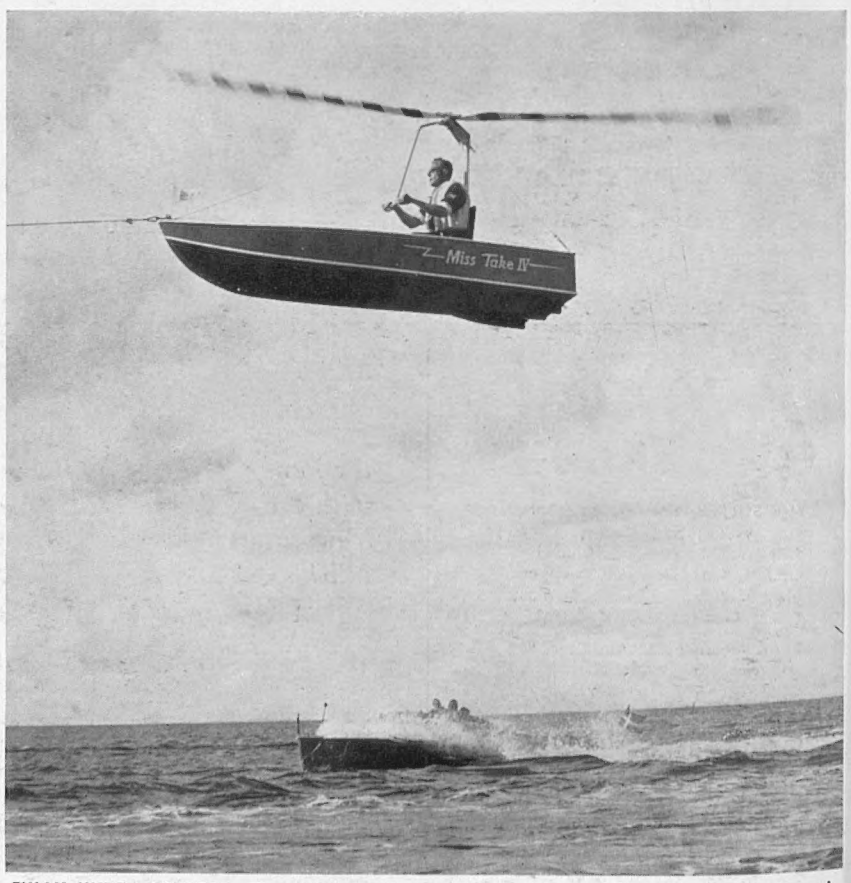




A ROTO-GLIDER ON THE WATER: Mr. Bent Stig Moller, the air pilot and water skier, is seen in *Miss Take IV* in the sea off Copenhagen. The craft is a roto-glider or "helicopter-boat." The vessel is fitted with rotary blades above the head of the pilot and towed at a fast speed by a launch until the rotors spin at about 350 revolutions per minute. Then, by employing very simple controls, the pilot manipulates the craft so that it flies in the air behind the tow. The altitude reached depends on the length of the tow, but a height of 150 ft., it is reported, is not uncommon.

On left—

"AIRBORNE": With rotary blades turning, *Miss Take IV* has now been worked into the air by Mr. Bent Stig Moller. This roto-glider was built in Copenhagen from plans supplied by its designer, Mr. Igor Bensen, of Raleigh, North Carolina.



FULLY UNDER CONTROL: The "helicopter-boat" is held steadily in its flight through the air. The sport of roto-gliding is new to Europe. At present it is believed that these craft are to be found on the Continent only in Denmark and in Switzerland.

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